The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors. Vol. 7, No. 18

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, Sc. }

Whole No. 330

Around Town.

The murder trial is over, for the present at least. In many respects it has been made one of the most demoralizing spectacles in the history of crime in Canada. Both of the sus-pects belonged to the class more noted for heir cunning than conscience. MacWherrell was a groom, a horsy fellow, of that low variety that consider themselves smarter and more deserving than their masters. Walker was a street gamin with a gutter education such as not likely to inculcate a horror of crime. All the penny dreadful newspapers in the country have been publishing pictures of these young toughs, describing their actions and dwelling upon their display of "nerve," until they are ikely to be considered heroes by all the shady grocms and crime-tainted gamins who revel in grocms and crime-tainted gamins who revel in such sensational reports as have been daily given to the public. The court-room was crowded by the women of the neighborhood where the trial was held, who brought lunchbaskets and made the affair a picnic, with Mac-Wherrell as a hero. The report says that they hystericked, and moaned, and wept, and made spectacles of themselves when the sentence was pronounced, a fitting climax to a scene where so-called ladies reveled in tales of blood and gazed upon the legal gladiators as the untutored dames of Rome no doubt did when watching conflicts between men and beasts and laughing as blood flowed in the arena. Then, too, the completion of the dime novel was found in the rambling and lying oration of the condemned man, who proved himself a fitting tassel for the hangman's rope by abusing the judge and jury while in the shadow of the gallows. All this display of criminal heroics will have its effect. There are thousands of men who would cheerfully go to the gallows if they could have the same dramatic exit from "public" life. I really feel sorry that Judge Ferguson was not possessed of the old-time authority which would have enabled him to send two or three of the shricking women out into the courtyard to be bastinadged. Yet I realize that perhaps had those women, when they first attended the inquest, foreseen what was to bappen before the case was concluded, they would have shrunk in dismay from the whole bloody investigation. They may have become imperceptibly involved and fascinated by horrors that no healthy and tender mind should contemplate save under compulsion. They are not better women after having had this morbid experience. A woman who deliberately goes to a murder trial with a lunch basket and glues her attention to all the repulsive minutiæ of the case, cannot be excused for becoming bysterical or shedding tears; the proper sphere for a female of our species who has such gory tendencies is the job of chambermaid in a slaughter-house. If she is so hungry for excitement, so anxious to know what the wicked world is like, she ought to take off her petticoats and her hysterics at once. Her tears and moans are as revolting to me as if I should see a man burst into "pas-sionate weeping" because he had lost his street car ticket, or become panic stricken at

These same people who are looking after some chance to become excited will doubtless find a field for their morbid tendencies in decorating the murderer's cell with flowers and cheering his declining days with notes of tender sympathy. Accounts of these will all be published, and gutter snipes, touts and horsy toughs will sigh for similar distinction. I have no intention in the world of reflecting upon grooms and coachmen, and horsemen in general, but there is a class of itinerant wagabonds who are fit to do nothing better than menial offices for beasts and are altogether beneath the grade of respectable servants, men who cannot hold a situation or be decent, no what incentive may be offered ; who frequently combine the recklessness of the suicide with the brutality of the murderer. Such men are reckless of their own lives and esteem lightly the lives of others. I do not think we ought to fret ourselves if such fellows are hanged on circumstantial evidence. The world loses nothing by their departure from it and they are much more likely to be fit to leave this sphere after a term in jail than they ever would be else.

seeing a baby carriage likely to run over him.

The evil of the whole matter is to be found in the tinsel of criminal glory which gives them a cheap halo of attractiveness. It is horrible to contemplate the mental and moral condition of a man who can sit down in cold blood and arrange a murder as a money-making or blood-stained-glory-bring-ing enterprise. Yet it is not so very much worse than a newspaper that with less pressure from necessity reckons on making m by describing and decorating the crime, the trial and the execution in order to make money and achieve temporary prominence, and if hearts so gentle as those that are said to beat e feminine breast can contain the impulse to pack gingersnaps, sandwiches and pickles in a lunch-basket and make a picnic of the trial, need we be surprised if men tired of life take desperate chances of obtaining sud den wealth with nothing worse as the alternative than being the pride and pleasure of thes gentle dames at an assize picnic? I imagine it some of the people who have such a morbid anxiety to attend such trials and follow with the most thrilling sensations descriptions of scenes were to become residents of the traditional heaven, that they would neglect their harps and rather than back in the efful-gent light of delty would scramble with one another for the best place on the plazza overlooking hades in order that there they might enjoy, without participating in, the torments and antics of the damned.

Having referred to the objectionable type of people who are too apt to give us our ideas with regard to domestic or so-called menial servants, I want to say something further on servants, I want to say something further on the subject of what in my old rural home would be called "hired help." Lately I have been particularly impressed with the pleas-ures as well as the possible profits of those who make a profession of being servants. Being a servant is held altogether too much in contempt in this new world, where theoretically Lack is always as good as where theoretically Jack is always as good as his master, but where that evil thing is being taught and tacitly accepted by those who are forced to serve that the master is not as good as Jack, though he pretends to be considerably better. No good can result from teaching the young people of this new and prosperous country that it is disgraceful to be a servant. In the first place, it is an absurdity. We are all servants, from the Queen down to the humblest peasant. I think the average woman, if she had experience of both, would find the domestic duties of an ordinary home much more to her taste, even if they included washing and ironing, than the constant glare of publicity and the unending round of state duties and state afflictions which make up the life of a queen. The capacity for enjoyment is not increased as we ascend the social scale, the opportunities of enjoyment are not in-creased, while the suffering and the irritations creased, while the suffering and the irritations are so constant that frequently nothing is left but the empty glainor of pride and the unsatisfying husks of ambition. Yet the average woman if asked whether she would rather be the wife and housekeeper of the average man or the bedraggled queen of a bankrupt kingdom,

cranky master or mistress, but they have opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of others whose confidence and employment can be obtained. It is only those who are transient and careless who can never get a good place; they are satisfac-tory nowhere and give themselves no op-portunities of finding a good situation. A doctor, a lawyer, a bookkeeper, a clerk in order to advance himself must stay long enough in a place to establish a reputation; so must a domestic servant. Sensible people are learning that the chief comforts that they can obtain in this life are not purchasable, but that the pleasures of life are largely derived from learning how to avoid discomforts. People really do not care whether they sit on cushioned seat or a revolving chair, yet those who know best how to travel will pay for a place in a parlor car. Is it not to avoid the disturbance of the gawk who insists on wandering through the coaches, slamming the doors or leaving them open? Is it not to avoid the crowd that rushes in at one station and rushes out at the next? The positive comfort is not worth the money; the avoidance of the discomfort of the other coaches makes it foolish for the constant traveler, unless he has the constitution of a horse and the susceptibilities of an executioner, to occupy a seat in the so-called first-class carriage. It is so in one's home. A poor servant at two dollars a week with the chance of a change at the end of the month, is a misery which is cheaply avoided by those with any means at all by the payment of twice the money to a permanent and satisfactory domes-tic. Such a servant as ensures a decently cooked meal, a clean kitchen, and a pleasant answer, is worth more than a grand piano in every room of the house. Why are not such servants more easily obtained in this new country?

of a place. The coachman has a much easier time and wears better clothes than the farmer. The latter gets up at four o'clcck in the morning to do the chores, which means the grooming of perhaps half a dozen horses, the feeding of a score of cattle, attention to the swine and the poultry and the sheep, the driving of a team all day and the same routine of toil at night. The profit is really no greater, yet on account of an absurd notion of being one's own master—an impossibility—people will slave when they can have an easy time, enjoy opportunities for reading and self-education which are not obtainable in country places even by those of reasonable means. The professional servant associates with other professional ser vants; they are as well educated, have as high instincts as those who work in factories or on the ordinary farm. The only drawback is the name and the existence of a tough element which disgraces domestic employment. This tough element is not only found amongst the servants, but amongst the employers, and I imagine that the world will not be very much older before the opportunities of domestic ser-vants will be realized, and such proper safeguards erected around the busin guards erected around the business as have been built around almost every other business. And then we will not only have better ser vants, but the servants will have better mas ters and mistresses.

I have in my memory a woman of thirty five or forty who for twenty years had worked in a German cafe and had money enough to start one herself if she saw fit, or to quit working altogether. Recently when stopping in a London hotel, laid up by an accident, at various hours three chambermaids used to answer to the bell. One had been a chambermaid for twenty-two years, was young-looking and had

and he will not complain half as much of his servants as he will of his guests. Parti-cularly in expensive hotels it seems to be the habit of a certain class of people to think if they pay from two to four dollars a day that they have bought the house and that they they have bought the house and that they won't get their money out of it unless they damage the furniture in the hotel and at every meal order and waste every dish on the bill of fare. Nowhere is this ignorance of results and heedlessness of a display of vulgar instincts more common than on an ocean steamer. A man for the first time in his life pays seventy-five or a hundred dollars for a ticket; this represents to him probably a month's pay or a year's board, and he thinks he cught to own the steamer and be privileged to abuse all the servants and efficers on it.

In these days when reforms are suggested and economy urged in every branch of public service, it seems to me worth while mention-ing the fact that if the people who travel and support hotels, steamers and dining cars were to be as thoughtful and careful of their conduct when abroad as they are at home, it would not be long before hotel charges and all that sort of thing would be considerably reduced. On a dining car a man has to pay a dollar for a meal. You can tell the man with a conscience and good sense by the way he orders his dinner; he takes only what he knows he wants, and if later he wants more he will ask for it. A man or woman who thinks they have to spoil semething in order to get even with the company, demands the entire bill of fare. these people who make dining cars, hotels and steamships more expensive than they would otherwise be. There must be at least ten or fifteen per cent. put on for heedless waste. Yet these same people when they are at home are supplied that their servants waste their food and break their dishes. All these things are but further proof of what I believe to be the motto of the majority, "It does not matter what have been seen to be the motto of the majority." what happens so long as it does not happen to us," and yet it but demonstrates that whatever we contribute to produce or destroy really does happen to us, no matter how indirectly.

It is marvelous how much unexplored terri-cory still remains in British North America. If more of cur young men would train them If more or cur young men would train them-seives as mineralogists and devote themselves to the exploration of our own country, they would contribute greatly to our possibilities of advancement. For the last year or two I have been reading with the greatest interest the reports of those who have been on the surveying and exploring expeditions up the Mackenzieriver and in that vast terra incognita between Lake Athabaska and Hudson Bay. Within a week we have had news from Government officials who are in Lapland. A great deal of New-foundland, as far as we are concerned, is absol-utely unknown. Anticosti, St. Pierre Miquelon and much of the country inland from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, offer magazine found and much of the country inland from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, offer magazine writers, adventure hunters, naturalists and mineralogists a great field. Many of the young men in our universities have means and would be much benefited by organ-Izing themselves into exploring parties during the summer, and a description of their work when published would advertise Canada and make their work valuable to those cutside of our Dominion. In going over the Canadian Pacific it several times struck me that there is a vast ccuntry not many miles from where we travel so luxuriously and carelessly that would pay the explorer, the fisherman and hunter for a couple of months of investigation. Having taken some pains to study out a trip of this sort in a period when I thought I would have an opportunity of taking it, I have read an account of a project to build a railway from Nepigon on Lake Superior to Martin's Falls on the Albany river, with a great deal of interest. I have been up Nepigon river to the lake and have heard from people who are conversant with the route that the Albany river is marvel-ously adspted for navigation. The line would he what nowadays is considered a very short one, and though a trifle difficult, as it would pass over a height of land, yet it would supply the Upper Lakes and the whole country until the Lethbridge coal is met with, a very superfor quality of anthracite. As coal is most expensive features of housekeeping and manufacturing and the largest item in transportation business in the West, anything tending to cheapen such a commodity would be a boom to the whole country. I am told that the railway line would be considerably under two hundred miles in length. If this is true and the engineering features are not difficult, by all means should such an enterprise be as sisted by the Government.

We have an idea that the district on the other side of the height of land is a wilderness of rocks. Hudson Bay men, voyageurs and trappers have told me that crossing from Lake Superior to James Bay the fishing is no good because the waters are so sluggish after leav-ing the Divide, and that on the other side the acenery is rather monotonous and the fishing poor on account'of the dead water and marsh Between James Bay and the Saguenay the country, partially drained to the eastward by the St. John river, is of an altogether different character, full of portages and wild spots most difficult to traverse. We know too little of this country; we pay too little attention to it. The Albany river is very much like a canal, so have been told, and other rivers emptying into James Bay are quite similar. The Mowat Government has had some reports from its atipendiary magistrates on these subjects, excellent as far as they went, but entirely insuf-



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

would take the chances of poison in her coffee | it not because the majority of mistresses do | plenty of money. Her wages were eighty dollars and treachery in her ministers, sleepless nights | not know how to train a servant, or how to treat | a year, and I suppose in tips from the guests she and treachery in her ministers, sleepless nights and the praise of fickle subjects who would like to see her gibbeted.

Whence comes this insatiable craving to dominate over others? It is common alike to the priest and the mule-driver, to the king and the housekeeper who has but one slavey contemplating the places in life from which we may make a selection? Is it not that all we can have in this world—apart from those high positions which only the very few can hope to attain and which have for their reward the increasing lust of pride and power-is nothing but food, raiment and the warmth of shelter, together with opportunities for loving and serving someone else and being loved and

In the old countries domestic service amounts almost to a profession. In Germany, lads who have an excellent education become waiters in hotels and pensions. After learning the business they go to France, become proficient in the language and then go to Great Britain, where English is acquired. Their chief aim is to learn to please those whom they serve. only good feature of the "tip" system is that it develops professional servants. They work not only for the landlord of the hotel, but for the Unless they do their best for their emguest. ployer they are discharged; unless they please the guest the coin is not dropped into their palm. The business of being a servant, however, does not depend upon any such arrange ment, for who is better off in the sense of freedom from responsibility than the young man or the young woman who has raiment, food and comfortable lodging assured them? They may be unfortunately situated in having a

one who is willing and anxious to serve but vill not permit herself or himself to be used like a dog! As a matter of fact a really clever servant can train her mistress and not infre-quently discipline the master. It is a business, an excellent business, a business in which brains can be profitably employed and one in which farmers' sons and farmers' daughters, to order around and treat with disdain. What which farmers' sons and farmers' daughters, should be the philosophic attitude in which the sons and daughters of artisans, of men and women of every grade of life can enter with an assurance of success if they only begin with the idea that their early training and their life's chances point in that direction The better education they have, the brighter brains they have, will all count; the station in life is no bar to their promotion. They have greater opportunities of cultivating the kindly confidence of employers than any other class of employees; they can render themselves as ndispensable as the confidential clerk or the trusted physician; they can share the prosperity and happiness of the pleasantest homes, insomuch as they can contribute so largely to the happiness of those around them. In spite of the fact that there are few people in this world better treated than the trained and conscientious domestic servant, such employment is considered menial and of the lowest social rank. Rather than be next to the mistress of a mansion and possessed of comforts almost as great as those of the wealthy, girls prefer to take three dollars a week in a telephone office and be deafened by the abuse of hundreds of noisy subscribers for twelve hours a day. How much better to be a parlor-maid in a sumptuous home where she will, if she deserves it receive the confidence of a pleasant family !

I do not deny that all mistresses are not pleasant nor all families kindly, yet I do insist that a good servant can always find that kind

a year, and I suppose in tips from the guests she got about five dollars a week. Another had been seventeen years a chamber-maid, having only begun that work when she became a widow. She also had a competency. They told me that it was usual for them to stay not less than five or six years in a place, and that when they moved it was generally because of a change of management or housekeeper and their place was wanted for someone else, or they got a better place. Five or six months is considered a long period of service in this country; it probably averages nearer five or six weeks. In the old lands they start in to be a chambermaid or a coachman, butler or valet, just as people here learn to be shoemakers or schoolteachers or doctors. I merely touch on this question in order to emphasize the suggestion that as all have to serve one another in some capacity, why should not those who are struggling for something to do drop their foolish notions about domestic service being menial and make a profession of it? We can make almost anything we like out of what we try to do. One first signs of domestic service being re garded as a business in America is the not uncommon practice of students acting as waiters in hotels and summer resorts while pursuing their studies in college through the It is not only a comfortable and delightful thing to be well served, but it is an excellent and noble thing to be a good servant.

I have heard scores of people railing at ser vants as being conscienceless, wasteful and heedless of how much damage they do to the contents of a house. A display of this tendency is not peculiar to employees; it seems common to all those who have not been educated to understand that somebody has to pay for all damage, waste and negtect. Sit down and talk to a hotelkeeper

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ficient. I have no doubt that there is considerable timber, and that with small engineering skill great grassy glades could be created, and I am convinced that such enterprises con ducted by a government would be the greatest possible advertisement in attracting the attention of scientists, the comment of newspapers and the visits of travelers. Canada has had its greatest benefit from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and if we sent our criminals out to those remote places to build railways, to divert the courses of rivers and to quarry coal, instead of keeping them at home in competition with honest labor or in idleness, the whole country would be the gainer.

We have either too much government or too little. For all that we are doing we have too much machinery, too many men elected by the people, too many officials, too many salaries, excessive fees, and only a feeble pretense is made of earning the amount spent. The pretense consists of those showy and, to the thoughtful, unsatisfactory things which might well be left undone. The care of the unfortunate and the criminal classes has been systematized until it is as easily managed as our public school system. The Ditches and Water Courses Act has been pottered with nough. If our school system had been left practically unchanged for the last twenty years, the taxpayer and the generation now undertaking the cares which their fathers bore would have been relieved of many useless fads. It seems to me that the object of government in this country should be to spend as little money as possible in frills and furbelows, in champagne and style, in officialism and red tape, and as much as possible in developing the country. We are quite well able to stand our present expenditure as long as our resources are so great, but this is no argument that we should indulge in fool expenses while being rigidly economical when asked to explore and develop the millions of acres of mineral wealth lying

The young men of the country can change this, and should change it. Sir Oliver Mowat has been in power so long and has become such a thorough hold-back that the young men of this country should not try to excuse him any longer. How the Liberal party can endure him is an unanswerable conundrum. Sir Oliver, eager for titles and hungry for office for himself and his family, has violated every rule that Liberal statesmen have made for themselves. Mr. Mackenzie would not have a title; neither would Mr. Blake; neither would that good old fashioned Conservative, Mr. Christopher Robinson, and, last of all, neither would Mr. Gladstone. But Sir Oliver must have all the gewgaws that are being passed around, and this seems to be the summit of his ambition and about the size of what he is giving us in return for Ontario's expenditure. outside of that which, as I have before alleged, is as much a matter of routine as our school system would be if he and his Ministers were not continually tinkering it as a pretense of doing something. With all the money that is being spent in Canada for Government Houses, an excessive number of iegislators, and the flub-dubs which some people think are necessary to overawe the ignorant, we could explore, develop and utilize much that is now unfamiliar if not unknown.

This fancy business in the legislative and executive departments of the Dominion and Provincial Governments is not only an inexcusable extravagance, but it has led the municipal bodies into imitating the follies of their superiors. With considerable reason we have been led to suspect that the Dominion Govern-ment exists mostly to create offices for men who cannot make a living outside of politics. In Ontario we know that this is more or less true, and in the city of Toronto we are absolutely certain of it. I thoroughly sympathize with Ald. O. B. Sheppard, who declared theother day that the City Council was no place for a business man. Such men as he are as cordially hated in our City Council as Luther was when he tried to reform the Church of Rome. Par enthetically, however, I think that the busi ness man is not more disliked in our city councils than a really aggressively religious man is in the ordinary church. I mention this simply to point the moral that we drift so far away from our supposed moorings both in business, politics and religion, that people have ceased to take any of them quite seriously. The really religious man in a church tries to make the church religious and is an irritation to everybody who desires to take it easy. The really honest, far sighted and capable man in a parliament is thoroughly feared, if not hated, cause he is conscientious and tries to make the deliberations of the assembly worth the money that they cost the people. I venture to say that a really good business man in the Board of Trade if he stuck to his text with the tenacity, intensity and zeal of a religious enthe secretary or ninety per cent. of the members. In the Legislature the one man who has stuck to his text through good and evil report and has tried in every instance to benefit the province is W. R. Meredith, and his hair is whitening in the service of the province, while the fakirs who are doing nothing but parade themselves as the "good and true" get all the emoluments and the praise, while he does more onk than the Premier or any two of the Ministers and gets nothing but abuse.

Ald. Sheppard and Thompson started in to reform Toronto's municipal politics; not as moralists, not as politicians, but simply as trustees of the people's business. With one exception the newspapers of the town had no use for them, and the solitary supporter was only half-hearted. With rare courage they and their friends stuck to their text, while the Mayor wabbled all over, and such social perecution ensued as afflicts every man who tries to do his duty. Doing one's duty is a painful thing, and if it is done in the silence and the privacy of ordinary life it may mean a deprivation of some sort and the estrangement of one or two, but when it is done in public life it means the bitterness of the many. When a man undertakes a task of that sort he was wined, direct and applicated in a most very large circle of their richus.

whole-souled manner by the elite.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson of Glen road leave those who pretend to be guardians of public

I am told that the opening of the Dominion for New York to-day and sail on March 31 for

interests. The result in the case of Ald. Sheppard is a very quick demonstration of the effect of this asinine policy of the news-papers and that thoughtless section of the citizens who now, as of old, can be made to rucify anybody. He says that he will never offer himself for re-election and would not take a ten years' term as alderman at two thousand dollars a year. year. He is very moderate in his . Unless a man is crank enough to want to do the public some good he would not take a term in public life at any price. You and I and the aldermen can make a living and be subject to the censure of nobody but those with whom we are actually in contact, and that is endurable because it is not paraded in the newspapers, shouted from a platform or even whispered in a larger circle than that in which we socially move. Then why should a gang of loud-voiced and selfish persons, looking really for nothing but their own interest, be permit ted continually to pester cabinet ministers or municipal authorities, threatening if their de mands are not complied with that defeat at the polls will be the result at the next election. These men imagine that the really deserving public servant is in office in order to make pro fit for himself. If a man wants office badly enough to sacrifice his principles to get it and ecomes something less admirable than a poli tical thing in order to retain it, everybody should be anxious to remove him no matter what the price may be. Yet it does not work this way; he is frequently forced to be a thing in order to remain; if he proves himself a man he has got to go. And we wonder at corruption and the increase of crime! Lord bless us all, if we had to make our living as politicians and were as cynical as the average citizen is when he becomes a member of a deputation the object of which is nothing better than to blackmail a public official, we would steal from one another on the road to the Parliament House and pick the pockets of our next neighbor en route to the City Hall. We must be drifting far away from our moorings indeed when we applaud the action of men who use every opportunity in the history of a government, in the life of an administration, in the career of a man or a city council, to take advantage of a weakness, to insist on some seldsh object which is foreign to the intention of legislation or the concerns of an executive body. This seems to be the age of the black flag. Capture a man and make him take the oath of fidelity to your piratical projects or make him walk the plank: that is the scheme. Is it any wonder that men who have a reputation to retain or a place to achieve, say that they propose to have no further connection with such scheming? Yet we see religionists rushing at the Legislative Assembly to retain their privileges, which is as unjust as the pool-room is dangerous, and these church deputations are used as an excuse for a dezen different disreputable raids on those in power. It takes a man with a big heart and big purse to stay in public life under these circumstances. They are almost without support. The men who are doing the honest and faithful work in the City Council were not supported by the churches or advocated by the pastors. They are wicked theater managers and those who make no religious profession. The really good people in the City Council often do their pest to defeat reforms proposed by these muni cipal missionaries. And so it goes, all through public life. Where is the anchor? Nobody is worrying whether there is an anchor on board or not. Rocks are in sight, wind and water all threaten a wreck, but only those who let everything go and declare themselves to be truly good or jolly good fellows find friends or commendation. Truly such society is no place for a business man.

The Ottawa session has opened with the usual cross firing, but I think the prediction I ventured to make when "fighting Joe Martin" was elected for Winnipeg that he would add considerable strength to the Liberal party has been justified. He is a direct man and has already made his influence feit. What the Grits need to make themselves intelligible and palatable to this country is less colic and more logic. They are always having spasms and predicting dire calamities. I think the contest s not very much superior to a poker game and that bluff will take it. In such a scheme "Joe" Martin will be a tower of strength. In North-West matters he will know what he is talking about, and it will be straight fight or he will not bother with it. This will be of special ad vantage if Blue ruin Cart wright is suppressed and Blue-Sunday Charlton is muzzled. The Grit party in Quebec is Rouge, but their talk in Par If the Reformers adopt as their policy a fast Atlantic service, show themselves grown men, anxious to develop the country and likely to be progressive, they will obtain the sympathy of many people who are now not satisfied with either party. They are likely to have an opportunity to be large in their policy, for the Thompson Government seems to have become possessed of the idea that twopenny-halfpenny economies will save them from disaster. Laurier and his party never had such an opportunity, but I am firmly con vinced that they won't know how to use it, and if the country is to have nothing but a lot of clerks at the head of it, with no controlling and progressive man, I would rather see the present Government exist than see them replaced by others who are still smaller-minded.

Social and Personal.

Holy Week has been so well observed by society that the record of entertainments is very easily made. The usual Wednesday reception at Government House was not held, and the example set by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick caused the postponement of several events which had been inadvert-ently set for the past week. Calling was inter mittent, and many hostesses did not receive on their days. At least four luncheons are put off until next week, which bids fair to be an over-crowded and very busy one. Grossmith at the Pavilion enticed some of the beau monde from their seclusion. By the way, the funny little man has had quite a success, both socially and artistically, in Ottawa, where he was wined, dined and applauded in a most whole-souled manner by the elite.

Parliament was remarkably successful, and neither Lent nor court mourning did much to dim the occasion. Several Toronto ladies graced the function, well gowned and sweetly coiffees, Lady Aberdeen, who is mourning the loss of her father, was much missed, of course, but otherwise the brilliancy of the opening was unusually noticeable. The aides grouped about the throne were the observed of all observers. being, as everyone knows, a personable lot of men, and our own Sir Casimir Gzowski was, as he always is, the king of them all.

The social season in Newmarket commence after Easter with several large and fashionable events. Invitations are out for a dancing party at Lunerich Hall, the residence of Mrs. Danford Roche, on March 27; at Kinloss House, the residence of Mrs. A. J. Stuart, on March 29, and the Masonic At Home in the Town Hall on April 3. Mr. Frank Lloyd gave a very enjoyable party for young people recently. Dancing was indulged in from 6 to 10.30 p. m A recherche supper was served at 9 p. m. guests were : Misses Hoag, McCracken, Greenwood, Kennedy, Brunton, Bell, Bastedo Rannie, and Messrs. Simpson, Caldwell, Rogers, Heap, Greenwood, Brunton, Campbell and Tytler. Miss Hoag gave a very pleasant card party on Wednesday of last week for Miss Zetta Silver of Lindsay, a number of her friends being present. During Lenten time a number of the ladies of Newmarket formed a Reading Club at which one of their number reads standard works, while the others do fancy work for church purposes. Mesdames Farncourt, Robertson, Bastedo, T. H. Brunton, A. B. Davidson, A. J. Stuart, C. G. Ross, Dudley, F. C. Hoag, Downes, Roe and Roche are the chief workers.

Miss Clara Chambers, daughter of the City Park Commissioner, is spending a month visiting Mrs. Willson and Mrs. Burch in New York.

Mrs. (Dr.) Tweedie of Simpson avenue returned from Dresden on Friday of last week. where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs.

Mrs. Thos. Alison left on Tuesday last for Old Point Comfort, Virginia. After spending about six weeks in that beautiful spot she will return by way of Washington, Baltimore and New York, at which places she intends to make a short stay.

The many friends of Mr. Martin J. Collins formerly of Kinsale, Ireland, and London, England, who has resided for some years past at Cloverport, Muskoka, will be grieved to hear of his sudden death oy heart failure at his late residence, 464 Wellesley street, Toronto, on

Hon, John Sobieski, the famous Polish lecturer, is in the city and the guest of Mr. M. Sweetnam, St. Vincent street.

Miss Swabey of Beverley street is in Ottawa, the guest of Mrs. Tom Ridout.

Mrs. Arthur Boswell is another visitor at the Capital, and is staying with Mrs. George

Mrs. Allen of Moss Park is in Ottawa, and is risiting her brother, Mr. Collingwood Schreiber.

I am told that the assemblage of well known cronto people at church on Sunday in Ottawa had quite the air of old St. James' church here, in the Dean Grasett period. Hon. G. W. Allen, Mr. Christopher Robinson, and His Honor Judge Gwynne were a trio of old familiar

Mrs. Ben Clarkson is visiting friends at Ottawa for the opening of Parliament. I believe Mrs. Clarkson is visiting Hon. T. M. and

The tableaux which I mentioned last week be given in St. George's Hall on the 28th for the benefit of the unemployed, are going to be something thoroughly charming. Some of the most chic and lovely of Toronto's society ladies have promised to take part, and when women whose everyday garb and guise is a tableau good to look upon graciously consent to take up the costume and character of ye olden times, we find added to our admiration the subtle charm of association, romantic and interesting, and are proportionately enthusi astic over the combination.

Among the tableaux selected for the evening of March 28 are four scenes from the Mistletoe Bough, with an incidental dancing of the Minuet, the Three Old Maids of Lee, Young Lochinvar, The Artist's Dream, and The Three Fates, to be followed by an cld-time concert Some of the participants in the tableaux will be Miss Marjorie Campbell, the Misses Dennistoun, Miss Small, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Florence Dickson, and Messrs. Boulton, Grier, Cronyn, McCar thy, Cawthra, Greg Young and others.

preparing for a visit to the Sunny South next

Mrs. Cockshutt gave a very elegant luncheon on Friday last. Covers were laid for ten. The center of the table was beautifully banked with many pink roses, and the menu was carefully selected. Among the guests were Mesdames Somerville, Alexander, Gordon, Nattress, Herbert Mason, and Campbell Mac-

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld have returned from England.

Mrs. Morrison of 604 Jarvis street was At Home to a number of friends on Tuesday of last week. Miss Morrison had a small evening for young friends on the same date.

Mrs. Willie Gundy of Metcalf street gave tea to a number of friends on Tuesdays of this and last week.

Mrs. Riordan of the Queen's Park entertained at a small dinner on Wednesday of last week and also gave a luncheon on the following day.
I have heard a whisper of the possibility of the removal from Toronto of Mr. and Mrs. Riordan. This would be a matter of sincere regret to a very large circle of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson of Glen road leave

Europe. They were accompanied as far as New York by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpson the Misses Cope and Mrs. Doherty of Pem

Les Hiboux (French Club will meet this week at Miss Brown's, 446 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Shore of St. George street was anothe Wednesday hostess last week, and entertained in a charming manner.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald of Wellington street gave a dinner party on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Pringle of Madison avenue gave an oyster supper to a small party of gentlemen on Wednesday of last week, which it is needless to say was a very jolly and delightful affair.

Mrs. Temple of Simcoe street gave a luncheon on March 14 to a party of lady friends.

Mrs. Kent of Carlton street entertained or Wednesday evening, March 14.

Mrs. Chester Massey gave a small but very pretty dinner on Thursday of last week.

Miss Ross of Vincent street had a tea or Thursday, March 15.

I have noticed a very useful and much needed little manual of the etiquette of the visiting card which has been published by Mr. James Pain recently. This little affair tells those who are in need of such information all about the when and where of the scrap of pasteboard which plays such a continuous part in society. On one or two points the etiquette is at variance with that practiced in Toronto's pest circles, but with very trifling exceptions it gives complete instructions. For instance, the booklet announced that a lady need not leave her card if she find her hostess at home. This of course is contrary to the practice in vogue.

A Sale of Work will be held in the Confeders tion Life Building on the Wednesday and Thursday in Easter week, March 28 and 29, by the ladies of the board of management of Grace Hospital in aid of the funds of that institution. Besides fancy and useful articles, candy, flowers and fish-pond, lunch and high tea will be served each day from 12 to 2 p.m. and at 6 p.m. Music will be provided each evening. The names of the ladies presiding over the different tables and their assistants are as follows: Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. C. E. Blachford, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. R. T. Gooderham, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton. Miss Muttlebury, Mrs. R. Northcote, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. F. Roper, Mrs. VanderSmissen, Mrs. J. H. Walker, the Misses Baldwin, Blachford, Barton, Crawford, Dickson, Geddes, Grundy, Gurney, Kingsmill, Langtry, Paterson, Roger, Roper, Scott, Shanly, and Mrs. Wm. Moore.

Miss Sullivan of College street has gone to New York for Easter.

The marriage of Mr. McLean and Miss Dyas

The Gore Vale Football Club give their third At Home at Webb's parlors on Easter Monday vening at nine o'clock,

The lady patronesses of the Victoria Dramatic Club, who are giving theatricals and a dance at Dawes' Hall on April 12, are: Mesdames G. F. Denison, A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, H. Strickland, Colley Foster, Ambery, Milligan, Lindsev and A. Macdonnell.

A hostess on Spadina road will give a very beautiful Easter tea on Wednesday next to over a score of lady friends, who are invited to bring their work and spend a delightfully cosy afternoon. I shall probably have something pretty to tell of this affair next week.

Rehoboam Lodge, A. F. & A. M., give their annual At Home in the Masonic Hall, Toronto street, on Thursday evening at half-past eight. The evening will open with a concert to be followed by dancing.

" I hope to be one of the fortunate ones!" ald the young artist. "I hope to be hung in Ottawa next week," and the dear old lady still thinks the speaker is a little out of his mind on account of the recent murder trial.

The French Club was received by the Misser Taylor of Florsheim last Saturday evening. Owing to the unfavorable weather and the illess of several members, the turnout was not as large as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Glen Donald were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McLean Howard for Palm Sunday.

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Four-button Mursy Glove in all the newest shades with stitchings to match any costume. Undressed Kid Gloves in all the newest

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Special line of Bonjour dressed Kid Gloves with large buttons and fancy stitchings, at \$1. See our gloves with the new cut, which you will find a great advantage both for fit and

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than once recently directed by our con-emporaries, Great Britain may possibly be plunged into some deep affliction at an early date, or, in any case, will very narrowly escape it. Ursula, the wife of Tobias Shipton, of Winslow, Bucks, is supposed to have flourished dur-ing the reign of Henry VIII., and to have been a notorious witch. It is by no means certain that she was not a purely mythical character, although she is said to have died in her bed at a good old age, and to have been buried at Clifton, in Yorkshire, under a stone which bore

Is a Prophecy about to be Fulfilled?

According to a sybilliem contained in the

the following inscription : "Here lies she who never lied, Whose skill often has been tried

Her prophecies shall still survive,
And ever keep her name alive."

Despite the enactment of the fifth Elizabeth, which remained unrepealed until the reign of George II., and which punished with fine and imprisonment—perpetual detention and forfelture of goods for a second offence—anyone dis-seminating "prophecies founded on the days or seasons of the year, or on people's armorial bearings," a quarto work, relating to past and future events, under the title of The Prophesie of Mother Shipton, first appeared in 1641, and was published in London. It contained predictions as to memorable events, which had then been duly fulfilled, such as the death of Wolsey, the Advent of the House of Stuart, etc., and also, which is more to the present point, a reference to the subsequent great fire, which consumed the city in 1666, and the news of which was brought to Prince Rapert while at sea, who, as noted in Pepy's diary of October at sea, who, as noted in Pepy's diary of October 20 that year, merely remarked, "Now Shipton's prophecy is out." Our present concern, how-ever, is with the following quaint lines, which, as stated above, are also included in the

prophesie":
"If our Lorde doe fail in our Ladye's lappe,
Englande shall mete with great mishappe."
The forecast may either refer to the conjunction, as in this year, of Easter Day with the Annunciation, commonly called Lady Day, or else it alludes to some year on which Good Friday falls on the 25th March. But a glance at the calendar will show that there is not, unfortunately, much to choose between the two interpretations—for example, Good Friday came on Lady Day, 1687, and was followed by the downfall of the House of Stuart in the fol-lowing year. And in 1853, when war was declared against Russia on the 27th of March, Good Friday fell on the 25th, two days previous.

The Czar's Joke.

The late Czar Nicholas often traveled incog nito accompanied by a single general, and usually by the extra mail. On one of these expeditions they were told at a certain posthouse that the road was in a bad condition fur-ther on, and that the mail could not reach the next station under three hours; but that the by road leading through the adjoining wood was firmer and pleasanter, and for that reason travelers often performed the distance on foot, and in much less time. The Czar and the General decided to do the same, and followed the footpath which led through a beech wood to the brink of a running stream. The brook was wide and appeared to be deep and danger ous—how were they to get across?

A peasant chanced to come that way, and A peasant chanced to come that way, and the Emperor expressed his regret that there was no bridge at that spot, and the peasant agreed with him. "Then is there no way of crossing over?" "No." "Pray, how will you get across?" "As for myself, I always wade through the water." "Even with a load?" "Yes, sometimes." "You shall have ten cabled the water was not be other aids." roubles if you will convey me to the other side."
The peasant accepted the offer, took the Czar
on his back, and carried him across. "Now go and fetch my companion, also for ten roubles."
The peasant did as he was told; but when he had carried the General half-way across, the Emperor called out to him: "I'll give you fifty

roubles to throw him off." In the next moment the General was floundering in the water. "A hundred roubles if you carry me forward," exclaimed the General. The peasant took him up again and had advanced a few paces with him, when the Czar's vanced a few paces with him, when the Czar's voice was heard again: "Two hundred roubles if you drop him." The puzzled countryman hardly knew what to do. "Five hundred roubles if you will carry me to the opposite shore." The Emperor: "Eight hundred roubles if you don't." The peasant once more dropped his burden, but the General clasped him telest report with his arms." him tight round the neck with his arms. "A thousand roubles, and now make for the shore as fast as you can." The General got safely to land; the peasant escorted the gentlemen to the post-house, where he received his reward. After the travelers had breakfasted, the General entered in his account book the following items under the head of the Emperor's private expenses: "Breakfast, ten roubles; carrying his Majesty across the water, ten roubles; carrying his escort, the General, under circumstances involving immense cost, one thousand roubles."

He Felt that Way Himself.

Napoleon I. had a decided taste for tragedy, but his ideas on the subject were not always in accordance with those of the greatest tragedian of his reign, Talma. "Come and spend a day with me," he told him once, at the time when his own Imperial star seemed to be waning. "In my palace you will see princesses whose lovers are far away on the battle-fields, kings who regret their thrones, princes in exile, generals who have lost many battles, or victorious ones who expect a high rank, even a crown. Round me are gathered all the rivalries, the ambitions, the sorrows and the troubles of an afflicted humanity; all this is the essence of tragedy, is it not? Come, then, and study, for you will not see us agitate our arms like the arms of a Dutch wind-mill, howl demoniacally, take attitudes and twist ourselves as you do.
And, be added with emphasis, "what you will see at my court, you would have seen at the court of your Greek kings and Roman emperors!" "How does your Majesty know that?" asked Talma. Napoleon looked pussled. "You are right," he said at last; "how the deuce have I come to be so sure of that?" and with a

sad laugh, "Go on, then, Talma, scream and stamp about; if it was not too late I should start the fashion at the Tulleries, for I often asserted posthumous collections of Mother Shipton, to which attention has been more feel that I should like to."

Overshadowing a Whale.

A fat, pompous-looking colored man, wearing a silk hat and a broadcloth suit and sporting a big watch-chain, was making enquiries around the depot about a trunk, when the negro porter stepped up to him and asked:

"Am yo' de pusson who has lost a chist?"
"A chist? A chist? Who's talkin' 'bout s
chist?" scornfully demanded the fat man.

"Mebbe it was a box?"
"What I got to do wid a box, sah?"

Was it a trunk?" "Yes, sah, of co'se! What yo' dun s'pose! want of a chist or box?"

Reg'lar trunk wid a lock on it?"
Yes, sah."

"Hev a strap an two hinges?" "Yes, sah."

"Didn't hev yo'r name painted on de eand, did it?'

"Of co'se it did! Boy, what yo' ask me all dese queshuns fur?" "But was dar anything in that trunk?" per-

sisted the porter as his demeanor became more submissive. "Of co'se dar was!" indignantly replied the other as he removed his hat to wipe his forehead with a red silk handkerchief. "Why, sah, if dat ar trunk am lost it will cost

dis railroad at least \$50!"
"Yo' doan'tell me! Yo'll walk right up an' see de superintendent?"

" I will." "And mebbe de president?"

"Yes, sah. Now yo'go on an' find dat trunk!
I hain't got no time to was' aroun' yere. I got to
S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen be at de bank in half an hour."

Fixtures

If you require anything in this line you will probably want the latest and most artistic designs—things get old-fashioned quickly enough without buying them so—and at as small an expense as possible. We think we can exactly suit you.

If you have any doubt as to where highest qualities are coupled with lowest prices compare.

-----We know that any comparisons you may make will result in our favor, as it is now pretty gener-ally admitted that in medium and low-priced fixtures we have the largest and finest assortment

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is now complete with many reminders of the festive season—Ring Stands, Book Marks, Ink Bottles, Garter Buckles, Name Plates, Umbrella Fasteners, Paper Knives, Manicure Pieces, Pin Trays, Pin Cushions, Salts Bottles, Jewel Cases, Button Boxes, Curling Tongs, Glove Stretchers, Atomizers, Sealing wax Tapers, Orange Holders, Match Stands, Flasks, Mirrors, Calendars, Stamp Boxes, Thermometers, Belt Buckles, and hosts of • other kindred novelties.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

"Hu! got t' be at de bank, eh?" 'Hu! got t' be at de bank, eh?"
An' later on I hev got to close up a land Rich in effect are the novelties which we show in deal."

"Hu! Buyin' land, eh?" "An dis eavenin I deliber a lecture in Apollo hall on de Progress of Civilizashun."

"Hu! Fo' de Lawd! Say, kin yo' jest step aroun de co'ner wid me to my house?'
"What fur?"

"Kase I want my ole woman to see yo'. A nan brought de skeleton of a whale frew yere last week, but she was sick an didn't git to see it. I told her sunthin' bigger'n a whale would be comin' along purty soon, an it has dun arrove, an I doan't want her to be disappointed again! Bigger'n a whale! Hu! No wonder dey had to put an extra ingine on yo'r train an den come in wid a hot box on ebery car!"—M. Quad in Toledo Commercial.

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Pretty Shoulder Capes in black, navy and fawn, \$1 25 A line of Capes, very tasty, large etz., \$1 80 Let's stir up your curiosity by naming a handsome black cape, with frill round the bottom, braided or jet, and price only \$4. Prices all through will make an impression.

Ask to see a range of capes in brown, fawn and navy marked \$5 and \$7.50. Not a few distinct novelties are to be found in coats, and coats will be largely worn this season. A coat with skirt and cape is a com bination that the wise ones say is sure to be very fashionable.

New, Stillsh Coate at \$2.50. Coat, with silk lapel and facings, a styllsh garment, \$4 Diagonal Coate, with moise silk facings, handsome, \$7. rices of entire Spring stock of mantles are affected by consideration that premises are coming down and we not allow stock to hang on.

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Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Queen Street.
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Note the address—110 Yonge, between the Star and News.

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Baldness a specialty. A luxuriant growth of hair guaranteed or money retunded, and my Tolles and Shaving
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Miss M. E. LAKEY, formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, begs to announce to her numerous customers that she has removed her dressmaking establishment to the above address

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'Things without remedy should be without regard.
What's done is done."

-Shakespei

In other words, "What can't be cured must be endured." But we claim we can cure that faded out and spiritless appearance which comes on men and women's apparel after they have been worn for a time. If Cleaning will not do it, Dyeing will, both of which we do in first-class style and up-to date.

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lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer. It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon sized, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibitity, smoothness and durability.

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Ladies' Hair dressed in the most artistic and becoming styles for Par-ties, Balls, Theaters, Photos, &c. Hair trim-ming, singeling and shampooing. Scalips treated after fevers and

PEMBER'S HAIR AND PERFUMERY STORE

itself into the words: "We believe and we accept."

"It is well." said Nam when the tumult had died away. "Hearker, ye high gods! O Aca! and O Jai! Bend down your ears and deign to hearken to your priest and servant, speaking in the name of your children, the People of the Mist. Be ye kings to reign over us! Accept the sacrifice, and sit in the place of kings. We give you rule through all the land; the life of every dweller in the land is yours; yours are their cattle and their goats, their cities and their armies. For you the altars shall run red, the cry of the victim shall be music in your ears. You shall look upon him whom long ago ye set to guard the secret awful place, and he shall crawl beneath your feet. As ye ruled our father, so shall ye rule us, according to the customs which ye laid down. Glory be to you, O Aca! and to you, O Ja!! immortal kings for evermore!"

And the great audience echoed to a shout that rent the 'skies: "Glory be to you, O Aca, and to you, O Ja! immortal kings for evermore!"

Then Nam spoke again, saving: "Bring."

that rent the skies: "Glory be to you, O Aca, and to you, O Jal, immortal kings for evermore!"

Then Nam spoke again, saying: "Bring forth the virgin, that fair maid who is destined to the Snake, that he may look upon her and accept her as his wife. Bring her forth also who, twelve months gone, was vowed in marriage to the shape of the stone, that she may loid her lord farewell.

As he spoke there was a stir behind the idol and presently from either side of it a woman was led forward by two priests on to the little space of rock between its feet and the edge of the gulf, and placed one to the right of the altar and one to the left. Both these women were tail and lovely with the dark and somewhat terrifying beauty of the People of the Mist, out there the resemblance between them ended. She to the left was naked except for a girdle of snake-skin and the covering of her abundant hair, which was crowned with a wreath of red lilies similar to the flower that the priests had given to Juanna. She to the right, on the contrary, was clothed in a black robe round which was broidered the shape of a bloodered snake, whose head rested on her breast. Leonard noticed that the appearance of this woman was one of extreme terror, for she shrank and trembled, whereas that of the flower-crowned bride was jubilant and even haughty. For a moment the two women stood while the people gized upon them. Then at a signal from Nam, she who was crowned with flowers was led before the altar, and trice she bowed the knee to the idol, or rather to Otter, who sat upon it. Now all eyes were fixed on the dwarf, who stared at the girl but made no sign, which was not wonderful, seeing that he had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the

flowers was led before the altar, and thrice she bowed the knee to the idol, or rather to Otter, who sat upon it. Now all eyes were fixed on the dwarf, who stared at the girl but made no sign, which was not wonderful, seeing that he had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the ceremony. As it chanced, he could not have acted more wisely, at least in the interests of the bride, for here, as elsewhere, silence was held to give consent.

"Behold the god accepts," cried Nam; "the beauty of the bride is pleasing in his eyes. Stand aside, Saga, thou blessed, that the people may look upon thee and know thee. Hall to thee, wife of the Snake!"

Smilling triumphantly the girl moved back to her place by the altar and turned her proud face to the people. Then the multitude shouted:

"Hall to thee, bride of the Snake! Hall to thee, thou blessed, chosen of the god!"

While the tumult still lasted, she who was clad in the black robe was led forward, and when it had died awayshe also made her obeisance before the idol.

"Away with her that she may seek her Lord in his own place," cried Nam.

"Away with her, her day is done!" echoed the multitude. Then, before Juanna could interfere, before she could even speak, for, be it remembered, she alone understood all that was said, the two priests who guarded the doomed woman rent the robe from her and with a single swing of their strong arms hurled her backward far into the pool of seething waters. She fell with a fearful shriek and lay floating on their surface just where the moonlight beat most brightly. Hung this way and that by the eddy of the whirlpool. All who could of the multitude bent forward to see her end, and, overcome by a fearful fascination, Leonard flung himself on his face and craning his head over the stone of the idol's hand, watched also, for her struggling shape was almost immediately beneath him. Another minute and he would have foregone the hope of whening the treasure he came so far to seek, not to have yielded to the impulse.

For, as he stared, the waters

antiquity.*

Hearing the disturbance in the water, the reptile had merged from the cave where it dwels beneath the feet of the idol, to seek its accustomed food, which consisted of the human victims that were cast to it at certain intervals. It reared its bideous head and glared around, then of a sudden the monster and the victim vanished together into the depths.

Sick with horror, Leonard drew himself back in o a sitting posture and glanced toward Juanna. She was crouched in her ivory chair

**Crooodlies are proverbial y long lived, but Leonard could never discover the age of this particular one. On a quiry he was able to trace it back for three hundred pears, and the libert is the beginning of time; "at the period of the country, "at the liver are an of less of worship for many generations. How it came among the Pacific of the libert is difficult to say, for no other specimens appeared to easily in the country. Perhaps it was captured in some distant age and placed in the cave by the prieses, to fluors as an incorporation of the Snake that was the of jost of their worship.

The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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Still the sile and the still it he moon light grave, recepting lower till it shone upon the face of the seething waters, and except in the immediate shadow of the walls, all the amphitheaster was full of it.

Amphitheaster was full of it.

Then the voice of lowed to see whence he spoke. Now he saw. Nam, attended by three priests, was sperched like an eagle on the left palm of the colossus, and from the dizzy platform he addressed the untiltude. Locolid just see the outstretched arm and catch the policy. The see them to the fleer face of the Bight priest of the Snake as he glared down upon the people. "Hearken, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, we will not be a proposed, that he may listen to the pleading of the Snake as he glared down upon the people. "Hearken, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the Snake, ye D wellers in the Mist, Children of the S H. RIDER HAGGARD.

overcome, and her eyes were closed, either through faintness or to shut out the sight of dread. Then he looked down at Otter. The dwarf was sitting as still as the stone effigy that supported him, and staring fixedly at the water. Evidently in all his varied experience he had seen no such thing as this.

"The Snake has accepted the sacrifice," cried Nam again; "the Snake has taken her who was his bride to dwell with him in his holy house. Let the offerings be completed, for this is but the first fruit. Take Oifan, who was king, and offer him up. Cast down the white servants of the Mother and offer them up. Seize the slaves who stood before her in the plain and offer them up. Lead forth the captives and offer them up. Let the sacrifice of the crowning of kings be accomplished according to custom, that the god who is Jal may be appeased, that he may listen to the pleading of the Mother, that fruitfulness may fill the land and peace be within its gates."

Thus he cried, while Leonard felt his blood turn cold and his hair rise upon his head, for though he could not understand the words he could guess their purport, and his instinct told him that a great danger threatened them. He looked at the two priests who stood by, and they glared hungrily on him in answer. Then his courage came back to him, at least he had his rifle, and he would fight for his life. It would go hard if he could not put a builet through one or both of them before they got a hold on him.

Meanwhile the priests below had seized the king Oifan, whose giant form they were dragging toward the stone of sacrifice. But of a sudden, for the first time Juanna spoke, and a deep silence fell upon the temple and all within it.

"Hearken, People of the Mist," she said; and her voice falling from that great height

It.
"Hearken, People of the Mist," she said; and her voice falling from that great height seemed small and far away, though so clear that every word was audible in the stillness of the night.

the night.

"Hear me, People of the Mist, and ye, priests of the Snake. Aca is come again and Jal is come again, and ye have given them back their rule after many generations, and in their hands lie the lives of every one of you. As the old tradition told of them so they are, the Mother and the Child, and the one is clothed with beauty, the symbol of life and of the fruitful earth; and the other is black and hideous, the symbol of death and the evil that walks upon the earth. And ye would do sacrifice to Jal that he may be appeased according to the ancient law and listen to the pleading of the Mother that fruitfulness may fill the land. Not so shall Jal be appeased, and not because of the sacrifice of men shall Aca plead with him that prosperity may reign in the land.

"Behold, the old law is done away, we give you a new law. Now is the hour of reconciliation, now Life and Death walk hand in hand, and the hearts of Aca and Jal have grown gentle through the ages, and they no longer crave the blood of men as an offering to their majesty. Henceforth you shall bring them fruits and flowers and not the lives of men. See, in my hand I hold winter lilies, red and white, blood-red they are and white as sanow. Now the red flower, token of sacrifice and slaughter, I crush and cast away, but the white bloom of love and peace I set upon my breast. It is done, gone is the old law; see, it falls into the place of the Snake, its home: but the new law blossoms above my heart and in it. Shall it not be so, my Children. People of the Mist? Will ye not accept my mercy and my love?"

The multitude watched the red blooms as, bruised and broken, through the light and through the shadow, they fell slowly to the seething surface of the pool; then it looked up like one man and saw the white lily set upon Juanna's whiter breast. They saw and, moved by a common impulse, rose with a sound like the draw of peace! We thank you. Mother, and we take your mercy and your love."

Then they were silent, and again there was a sound like that of th

hand against yonder man, slay him swiftly as you know how."

"Smite on," screamed Nam, "smite on and fear not."

Most of the priests drew back affrighted; but one ruffian lifted his knife, and as he did so Juanna pointed with her hand. Then Leonard, leaning forward, covered the priest's great breast with his rife as surely as the uncertain light would allow. Unconscious of his fate, the priest muttered an invocation; and now the knife was about to fall upon the throat of Olfan, when fire and smoke sprang out far above him, the rifle rang, and, shot through the heart, he leapt high into the air and fell dead. Terror seized the witnesses of this unaccustomed and, to them, most awful sight.

"The gods speak with flame and thunder," "Slence, dogs!" screamed Nam, "ye are bewitched. Ho! you who stand on high, cast down that wizard who is named Deliverer, and let us see who will deliver him from death upon the stone."

Then one of the priests who stood by him made a movement to grasp Leonard and cast him down, but the other was terrified and could not stir. The first man stretched out his arm, but before it so much as touched its aim he himself was dead, for, seeing his purpose, Leonard had lifted the rifle and once more its report rang through the temple. Suddenly the priest threw his arms wide, then he fell backwards, and with a mighty rush dived into sheer space to crash lifeless on to the stone floor below, where he lay, his head and hands hanging over the edge of the pool.

Now for the first time Otter's emotions overcame him. He stood up on the knees of the dwaif, and shaking the sceptre in his hand pointed with it to the dead priests on the paving below, at the same time crying in stentorian tones:

"Well done, Baas, well done! Now tumble the old one yonder off his perch, for I am weary of his how'lings."

This specch of Otter's produced even a greater effect on the spectators, if that were

otter made no answer, because he did not understand; but Juanna replied swiftly:
"I am the mouth of Jal, as Jal is my hand.
When I speak, I speak the words of Jal. Do his bidding and mine, or die, thou disobedient

When I speak, I speak the words of Jal. Do his bidding and mine, or die, thou disobedient servant."

That was the end of it, Nam was beaten; for the first time in his life he must own a master, and that master the gods whom he had himself discovered and proclaimed.

"So be it," he said suddenly. "The older order passes and the new order comes. So be it! Let your will be done, O Mother and O Son. I have striven for your glory; I have fed your altars, and ye threaten me with death and put away my gift. Priests, set free that man who was king. People, have your way, forget your ancient paths, pluck the white flower of peace—and perish! I have said."

So he spoke from on high, shaking his elenched fists above his hoary head, and was gone. Then the priests unbound the limbs of the ex king, and he arose from the stone of death.

"Olfan," cried Juanna from on high, "thou that wast the king, we, who have taken the kingship, give thee life, and liberty, and honor; see that in reward thou servest us well, lest again thou shouldst lie upon that bed of stone. Dost thou swear fealty to us?"

"For ever and for ever, O Mother and O Son. I swear it by your holy heads."

"It is well. Now, under us once more we give thee command of the armies of this people, our children. Summon thy captains and thy soldiers. Bid those that brought us hither lead us back whence we came, and there set guards about us, so that none trouble us. For you, our people, for this time fare you well. Go in peace to dwell in peace beneath the shadow of our strength."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLFAN TELLS OF THE RUBLES.

It was at this juncture that Francisco recovered his senses.

"Oh!" he gasped, opening his eyes and sitting up, "It is done, and am I dead?"

"No, no, you are alive and sa'e," answered Leonard. "Stay where you are and don't look over the edge, or you will faint again. Here, take my hand. Now, you brute," and he made energetic motions to the priest, indicating that he must lead them back by the path he came, and at the same time tapping his rifle significantly. The man understood and started down the

The man understood and started down the darksome tunnel as though he were glad to go, Leonard holding his robe with one hand, while with the their he pressed the muzzle of the loaded rifle against the back of his neck. Francisco followed, leaning on Leonard's shoulder, for he could not walk alone. As they had come so they returned. They passed down the steps of stone which were hollowed in the body of the colossus; they traversed the long underground tunnel, and once more, to their intense relief, they stood upon the solid ground and in the open air. Now that the moon was up, and the mist which had darkened the air was gone, they could see their whereabouts. They had emerged upon a platform of rock within a bow shot of the great gates of the palace, from whence the secret subterranean passage used by the priests was gained, its opening being hidden cunningly among the stone-work of the temple.

"I wonder where the others are "asked."

whence the secret swas gained, its opening being hidden cunningly among the stone-work of the temple.

"I wonder where the others are," asked Leonard anxiously of Francisco.

As he spoke Juana, wrapped in her dark cloak, appeared, apparently out of the stones of the wall, and with her Otter, the Settlement men bearing their dead companion, and a considerable company of priests, among whom, however. Nam was not to be seen.

"Oh, is that you, Leonard!" said Juanna in English, and in a voice broken with fear.

"Thank heaven that you are safe!"

"Thank heaven that we are all safe," he answered. "Come, let us get on. No, we can walk, thank you," and he waved away the priests, who produced the litters from where they had hidden them under the wall.

The priests fell back and they walked on. At the gate of the palace a welcome sight met their eyes, for here stood Olfan, and with him at least a hundred captains and soldiers, who lifted their spears in salute as they advanced. "Olfan, hear our bidding," said, Juanna.

"Suffer no priest of the Snake to enter the palace gates. We give you command over them, even to death. Set guards at every gate and come with us."

The ex-king bowed and issued some orders, in obedience to which the sullen priests fell back murmuring. Then they all passed the gates, crossed the courtyard, and presently stood in the torch lit throne room, where Juanna had slept on the previous night. Here food had been prepared for them by Soa. who looked at them curiously, especially at Leonard and Francisco, as though, indeed, she had never expected to see them again.

"Hearken, Olfan," and Juanna. "We have saved your life to-night and you have sworn

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fealty to us; is it not so?"

"It is so, Queen," the warrior answered.
"And I will be fathful to my oath. This heart, that but for you had now been cold. beats for you alone. The life that you gave back to me is yours, and for you I live and die."

And he glanced at her with an expression in which, as it seemed to Juanna, human feeling was mixed with supernatural awe. Was it possible, she wondered with a thrill of fear, that this savage king was forgetting the worship of the goddens for that of the woman? And did he begin to suspect that she was no goddess after all? Time would show, but at least the look in his eyes alarmed her.

"Fear not," he went on; "a thousand men shall guard you night and day. The power of Nam is broken for a while and now all this company may sleep in peace."

"It is well, Olfan. To-morrow morning, after we have eaten, we will talk again, for we have much to say. Till then, watch!"

The great man bowed and went, and at last they were alone.

"Let us eat," said Leonard. "Hullo, what is this? Spirit, or a very good imitation of it. Well, I never wanted a glass of grog more in my life.

When they had finished their meal, at the request of Leonard, Juanna translated all that had been said in the temple, and among her listeners there was none more interested than Soa.

"Say, Soa," said Leonard, when she had finished, "you did not expect to see us come.

listeners there was none more interested than Soa.

"Say, Soa," said Leonard, when she had finished, "you did not expect to see us come back alive, did you? And that is why you stayed away?"

"No, Deliverer," she answered. "I thought that you would be killed, every one of you. And so it must have come about had it not been for the Shepherdes». Also, I stayed away because those who have looked upon the Snake once do not desire to see him again. Many years ago I was bride to the Snake, Deliverer, and, had I not fied, my fate would have been the fate of her who died this night."

"Well, I don't wonder that you ran," said Leonard.

have been the fate of her who died this night."

"Well, I don't wonder that you ran," said
Leonard.

"Oh, Baas." broke in Otter, "why did you not shoot that old medicine-man as I told you? It would have been easy when you were about it, Baas, and now he would have been broken like an eggshell thrown from a house-top, and not alive and full of the meat of malice. He is mad with rage and wickedness, and I say that he will kill us all if he can."

"I rather wish I had," said Leonard, pulling his beard, "I thought of it, but I could not do everything; and on future occasions, Otter, will you remember that your name is Silence? Luckily these people do not understand you; if they did you would rain us all. What is the matter, Soa?"

"Nothing, Deliverer," she answered; "only I was thinking, that Nam is my father, and I am glad that you did not shoot him, as this black dog, who is named a god, suggests."

"Of gods I know nothing, you old cow," answered Otter angrily; "they are a far-off people, though it seems that I am one of them, at any rate among these fools, your kinsmen. But of dogs I can tell you something, and it is that they bite."

"Yes, and cows toss dogs," said Soa, showing her teeth.
"Here is another complication," thought

ing her teeth.

"Here is another complication," thought Leonard to himself; "one fine day this woman will make it up with her respected parent, and betray us, and then where shall we be? Well, among so many dangers an extra one does not matter."

"I must go to bed." said Juanus faintly:

among so many dangers an extra one does not matter."

"I must go to bed," said Juanna faintly;
"my head is swimming. I cannot forget those horrors and that giddy place. When I first aw where I was I nearly fainted and fell, but after a while I grew more used to it. Indeed, while I was speaking to the people I quite forgot my fear, and the height seemed to exhilarate me. What a sight it was! When all is said and done it is a grand thing to have lived through such an experience. I wonder if anyone has ever seen its like."

"You are a marvelous woman, Juanna," said Leonard, "and I offer you my congratulations. We owe our lives to your readiness and courage."

"You see I was right in insisting on coming

courage."
"You see I was right in insisting on coming with you," she answered somewhat aggress."

"You see I was right in insisting on coming with you," she answered somewhat aggressively.

"For our sakes, yes; for your own I am not so sure. To tell you the truth, I think that we should have done better not to have come at all. However, things look a little more promising now, though Nam and his company have still to be reckoned with, and we don't seem much nearer the rubles, which are the main object."

"Yes," said Juanna, "but you have got to find them. Come, Soa, undress me; I feel half dead. Good-night."

"Francisco," asid Leonard, as he rolled himself up in his blanket, "you had a narrow escape to night. If I had missed my hold!"

"Yes, Outram, it was lucky for me that your arm was strong and your mind quick. Ah, I am a dreadful coward, and I can see it now;" and he shuddered. "Always from a child I have believed that I shall die from a fall from some high place, and when I saw I thought that my hour had come. At first I did not understand, for I was watching the Senora's face in the moonlight, and to me she looked like an angel. Then I saw, and my senses left me. It was as though hands were stretched up from the blackness to drag me down—yee, I saw the hands. But you saved me this time, Outram, though that will not help me, for I shall die in some such way at last. So be it. It is best that I should die, who cannot conquer the evil of my heart."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said Leonard; "don't talk like that about dying. We can none of us afford to die just at present—that is, unless we are obliged to do so. Your nerves are upset, and no wonder! As for 'the evil of your heart,' I wish that most men had as little, the world would be better. Come, go to sleep; you will feel very differently to morrow."

"Francisco smiled sadly and shook his head, then knelt and began to say his prayers. The last thing that Leonard saw before his eyes closed in sleep was the rapt, girlish face of the priest, round which the light of the taper fell like an aureole, as he knelt, muttering prayer after prayer with his pale

Here they found Otter, locating while turbed.

"Baas, Baas," he said, "they have come and will not go away."

"Who!" asked Leonard.

"The woman, Baas; ahe who was given to me to wife, and many other women—her servants—with her. There are more than twenty of them outside, Baas, and all of them very big. Now, what shall I do with her, Baas! I, who came to serve you and to seek the red stones that you desired, and not a woman tall enough

to be my grandmother."
"I really don't know and don't care," answered Leonard. "If you will be a god you must take the consequences. Only look here, O ter; lock up your tongue, for this woman will teach you to speak her language, and she may be a spy."
"Yes, Baas, I will see to that. Is not my name Silence, and shall women make me talk—me, who have always hated them? But—the Baas would not like to marry her? I am a god, and my heart is large; I will give her to you, Baas."

Bass would not like to marry her? I am a god, and my heart is large; I will give her to you, Bass.

"Certainly not," answered Leonard decidedly.
"See if the breakfast is ready. No, I forgot, you are a god, so climb up into that throne and look the part, if you can."

As he spoke, Juanns came from her room, looking a little pale, and they sat down to breakfast. Before they had finished their meal Soa announced that Olfan was waiting without. Juanna ordered him to be admitted, and presently he entered.

"Is all well, Olfan?" asked Juanna.

"All is well, Queen," he answered. "Nam and three hundred priests held counsel at dawn in the house of the priests yonder. There is much stir and talk in the city, but the hearts of the people are light because the ancient gods have come back to us, bringing peace with them."

"Good," said Juanna. Then she began to question him artfully on many things, and by degrees they learnt more of the People of the Mist.

It seemed, as Leonard had already guessed, that they were a very ancient people having.

"Good," said Juanna. Then she began to question him artfully on many things, and by degrees they learnt more of the People of the Mist.

It seemed, as Leonard had already guessed, that they were a very ancient people, having existed for countless generations on the same misty upland plains. They were not, however, altogether isolated, for occasionally they made war with the savage tribes. But they move intermarried with these tribes, all the captives taken in their wars being offered in sacrifice at the religious festivals. The real governing power in the crimmunity was the society of the Priests of the Snake, who held their office by hereditary tenure, outsiders being admitted to their body only under very exceptional circumstances. The council of this society chose the kings, and when they were weary of one of them, they sacrificed him and chose another, either from among his issue or elsewhere. This being the custom, as may be imagined, the relations between church and state are much strained, but hitherto—as Olfan explained with suppressed rage—the church had by far the best of it. Indeed, the king, for the time being, was only its mouth-piece, or executive officer. He led the armies, but the superstitions of the people—and even of the soldiers themselves—prevented him from wielding any real power; and unless he chanced to die naturally, his end was nearly always the same: to be sacrificed when the seasons were bad or 'Jai' was angry.

The country was large but sparsely populated, the fighting men numbering not more than four thousand, of whom about half lived in the great city, the rest occupying villages here and there on the mountain slopes. As a rule the people were monogamous, except the priests. It was the custom of sacrifice which kept down the population to its low level, made the power of the priests absolute, and their wealth greater than that of all the other inhabitants of the country put together, for they chose the victims that had offended against Jai or against the mother-goddess, and confis

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goddess, and there was this difference between them—that at the spring ceremony female victims only were sacrificed to Jai to propiciate him and to avert his evil influence, while at the autumn celebration males alone were offered up to the mother-goddess in gratitude for her gifts of pienty. Also victims were occasionally thrown to the Snake that his nunger might be satisfied, and the priests had other rites, that, Olfan added, they would have an opportunity of witnessing it the spring festival, which should be celebrated on the second day from that date, were held according to custom.

ing to custom.
"It shall be celebrated," said Juanna almost

The control of the co

night time."

An ox and a goat—to each an ox and a goat!" said Nam humbly, but in a voice of bitterest sarcasm. "As ye will so let it be, O ye centle-hearted gods. And the festival shall be held at noon, and not in the night season as of old. As ye will, O ye kind gods. Your word is my law, O Aca, and O Jai," and bowing to the ground the aged man withdrew himself, followed by his satellites.

"That devilish priest makes my flesh creep." said Juanna, when she had translated his words.

said Juanna, when she had translated his words.

"Oh! Baas, Baas," echoed Otter, "why did you not shoot him while you might? Now he will surely live to throw us to the Snake."

As he spoke, Soa advanced from behind the thrones, where she had taken refuge when Nam entered.

"It is not well for a dog who gives himself."

entered.

"It is not well for a dog who gives himself out as a god to threaten the life of one whom he has tricked," she said meaningly. "Perchance the hour shall come when the true god will avenge himself on the false, and by the hand of his faithful servant, whom you would do to death, you base-born dwarf." And before anyone could answer she left the chamber, casting a malevolent look at Otter as she went.

"That servant of yours makes my ficah

creep, Juanna," said Leonard. "One thing is clear enough, we must not allow her to overhear any more of our plans; she knows a great deal too much aiready."

"I cannot understand what has come to Soa," said Juanna; "she seems so changed."

"You made that remark before, Juanna; for my part I don't think she is changed. The sight of her amiable parent has developed her hidden virtues, that is all."

(To be Continued)

(To be Continued.)

California and Mexico.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Rallway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Poor Baptiste.

Madam discovers Baptiste in the kitchen in the act of gulping down a good draught of wine.

"Don't scold me, madam, I'm taking this to pull me round; I've had such a shock, for a minute ago I smashed that Japan vase you thought so much of?"—Le Figaro.

English Opinion.

English Opinion.

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20 000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

tence:
"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

A Sincere Regret.

A Sincere Regret.

Judge—Witness, are you not the same
Schulze who, four years ago, robbed Silbermann, the banker, of 4,000 marks?

Witness—No, I am sorry to say.—Lustige
Blatter.

160 World's Fair Photos For \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

Briggs—You knew Mangle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him vesterday on his return. Griggs—Anything happen while he was away?

Briggs—Yes, he says that in a fit of absentmindedness she proposed to him again.—

Brooklyn Life.

FROM BIRTH TO DEATH.

Principles of Dissolution in Our Bodies.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes the Seeds of Disease, and Gives Long Life and Good Health.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Ooupon worr accompany sweep graphological study sent in. The Réditor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least sis lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual arcumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for hasts. 3. Quotations, acraps or postal oards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

EOTHER.—It vous letter reached me it was answered long

ECTHEN.—If your letter reached me it was answered long ago. As you do not repeat your questions, how can I

MINNIE.—I am sorry not to be able to delineate your enclosure. I am surprised you should have submitted such a steer. It is laid aside, awaiting your stamped and ad

BUBBLE — You have quite mistaken the object of this column. I do not pretend to tell anyone's fortune. Your writing is quite too crude to give a satisfactory study. However, it promises very well and will no doubt develop

Daisy, Barrie.-You are sensible, practical and matter of fact; reflect, nearrist are sensible, practical and master-of fact; reflect, nearvoily alive to impressions but reserved in expression; capable of much affection but not demon-strative, with some imagination but rather marrow judg-ment. I think you are tenacious, light but constant in will, and decidedly an original thinker. Good self-reliance and much ability are shown.

IGNORANUS — Cupfuls is the plural of cupful. It is only one cup several times filled. It isn's a pretty word and one is tempted to pluralize the first half, which is wrong. Your writing is not very good as a study. You are practical, bright and quick in thought and manner, fond of soft corners, capable of much affection, lack care and method, are honest and truthful but not infallible in judgment. Your lines lack firmness and decision. lines lack firmness and decision

lines lack firmness and decision.

Par.—1 If you aren's a girl, Pat, I am much mistaken.

2. You are also an idealist and have scattery ideae, being gille incapable of argument. You are imaginative and have a good sense of humor, but are not very bright in perception, hopeful and somewhat original. You lack tact and the faculty for managing people, but don's be discouraged by that. In the matter you mentioned I don's see why, if you don's worry, you should not do very well. I wish you every success with the Muses.

Hatsus — Thanks for your, blad wishes. They did not

I wish you every success with the Muses.

HALSH —Thanks for your kind wishes. They did not oome true, but that was not your fault. I don's often get such long letters as yours, but I liked it. You are a natural sort of a body. 2. Your writing shows marked vivacity, firm will, good constancy, some ideality, a generally goodnatured and easy method. You are sometimes too easily cast down. Don's give way to fancies. Abundant energy and love of fon, good ense of thumor and a warm heart are yours. You are impulsive and adaptable, and with all your frankness cautious when need by

frankness cautious when need be,

ROSALIND.—1. I don's agree with you as to the change.

Rate is one of my pet names, though I really cannot say
why. It is rather a strange coincidence that I happened
last week on a crary girl who is known as Crary Kate.

Catherine is, however, a fine name. 2. Your writing shows
much love of beauty, brightness of comprehension, sympathy and taot. You are persevering, cautious, rather
refined and of light will. Force is not a leading characteristic, but there is plenty of it in a quiet way. An
optimistic temperament and sweet temper are your.

A. M. Y.—Erratic will and uncontrolled impulse are the
two first traits that are noticeable in your very refined and

Don't

Shrink



when washed with

SURPRISE SOAP. Flannels have a tendency to shrink in the wash. Everyone knows that.

A little care with the use of Surprise Soap (Follow the directions the wrapper) will prevent it.

You can easily test Surprise and prove its worth in doing away with shrunken flannels. Nearly every grocer sells it. Buy it and try it.

Place a Cake

Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers

Ī-----

sensitive chircgraphy. You are full of sudden fancies and are apt to change your mind oftener than is healthy. You are fund of society, of luxury, and of the opposite sex, and would never make a contented old maid. You are a little disposed to fall under trial, and underlying all your brightness is a strong vein of pessimism. You have but little sympathy and lack the faculty of managing people, but in spite of all these hard words, I somehow find you charming.

spite of all these bard words, I somehow flod you charming.

Roms a Data — 1. I have just opened your letter, which came on closing day of Chicago Fair, when I was miles away from here. 2 Your writing thows original ideas and undue egotism, with bold and independent thought, large imagination and very good disposition. Your jadgment and ideas are both uncertain, and while you are cautious of forming friendships, you need sympathy to develop your best qualities. You are careful, arcious for perfection, fond of praise and a little lacking in magnetism, rather pereistent and a trifle combative. Your study needs more careful balancing than I have time to devote to it, and is well worth bulf an hour. Refinement, courage and much self-respect are shows.

Einers Fron.—1. You can get the reading, A Set of Turquoise, from Miss Lauretta Bowes or from the Sohool of Elocution. It is quite an ambitious reading and is arranged as a little drama in two or three scenes—two, I think. 2 The dress of Helen of Troy might be of white cashmere edged with a gold braid, io the pattern known as cashmere edged with a gold braid, to the patters known as wall of Troy. The drapery should follow the classic lines, and I could not possibly describe it; get a picture and study it. I see by your cots that my information is awabehind time. I don't know anything about the relative merits of the two schools, but was greatly pleased with the work of the Toronto pupils. Helen of Troy had red hair and was a married filte.

and was a married ner.

GOBLIN FIRM.—Admirable Crichton was a man, not a
book, my dear. He was born in 1860 or thereabout, in
Perth, Scotland, and was a natural curiosity of learning,
swordsmanship, brauty, elegance and bravery. He was
made tutor to an Italian nobleman, who basely killed him
in a moment of drunken imbedility. Crichton was only
twenty-two years old at his death, but his perfections were
the able of Exercise. 2. Inseed not discuss the hast at his twenty-two years old at his death, but his perfections were the talk of Europe. 2. I need not discuss the hat at this very late date. 3. Your writing shows much force of character and originality of method, but a marked lack of outure and constrol. I don's dedurie such a crude hand in such a clever woman as you are. You have capacity for much, and if you only had ambition you might do wonders. A firm, constant will, variable temperament, good practical sense and tenacity are yours. I am sorry you have the disable of me in recognition. For you should make a advantage of me in recognition, for you should make

Cum'sity.—Unless about to run over her, I don't think a recognition is compulsory. Really though, is is quite sufficient to touch the cap when passing on the wheel. Lifts the cap in any other case or state. The Oracle is always in a good humor; what is gained by being otherwise? 2. Your writing is so well disguised that it is difficult to discover it. I don't mean that you purposely disguised it, but that you naturally conceal your characteristics and sometimes your meaning. You are not brillians, but fairly gifted and discreed, as well as saving of both cases and offert. Good semper, much decision and a cereach and effort. Good temper, much decision and a cerdeal of effect and are sometimes over-anxious about the deal of effect and are sometimes over-arxicus about the impression you produce. You will never give away your last dollar-self-preservation is too strong. Your will lacks directness; in fact, you do yourself. You should be successful in business demanding application and concentration. You need added outsure and development.

TRIAKONTARTES -The manner is masculine, the matter TRIANGSTARTS —The manner is masquine, the masses faminine, so how oas I stall whether you are man or woman? I think the slang expression O. K. was first evolved from a mis-spalled endorsement, Ol Korech, which orested much amusement during the American war. I remember a song in which these letters were used as a refrain, and the story of their origin told in the verses, but that may have been a proper origin told in the verses, but that may have been a secondary explanation. 2. I generally give three house a week to the work about which you erquire. It is very weak to the work about which you exquire. It is very faitguing and exactiny. 3. Your paper is very nice to write upon, but paper torn from a pad should never be used in social correspondence; it is for business only. You can get the heavy rep, but it is not easy to detach and otherwise objectionable. 4. You are hopeful, e-clable, good-tempered and fond of beauty. You lack perception, but are sensible and olever. Your will is light and esterprise good; honesty and ambition balance each other perfectly. You somewhat lack reserve, but have marked sympathy, perseverance, good sequence of ideas, and should be an attractive personage. A great writer has said: "We are born with the principles of dissolution in our frame, which continue to operate from our birth to our death."

A more recent authority—a medical man of long experience—has made the important statement that "Men and women can quickly dissipate and stamp out every trace of the common ailments which attack them, and admany long years to life, if Paine's Celery Compound had done for others similarly siver, and soon found a complete cure. Mr. Mittse writes as follows about his case:

"I want to add my testimony in favor of your valuable remedy, Paine's Celery Compound had been taking for over a custom."

These principles of dissolution—mortality—death—are seen in thousands with whom we come in contact every day. We meet the dyspensia and every pains in the neck and back of the head. Your medicine has produced a complete cure in my case, and I have death—are seen in thousands with whom we come in contact every day. We meet the dyspensia every valuable received great benefit. I can testify, therefore, in all honesty, that your Paine's celery compound is a very valuable medicine."

Celery Compound had done for others similarly strength and stimply the used nature's health attention and simple to cure. Mr. Wiltse writes as follows about his case:

"I want to add my the used nature's healthy attention and afflicted, he used nature's healthy attention and afflicted, he used nature's healthy and solver. Your will is light and ester-feely sood-tempered and fond of beauty. You lack percention otherwise objectionable. 4 You are hoperful, eviction of dyspepsia. At knowing what Paine's Celery Compound had done for others similarly the treatment of the common all and stange with a state of the common all the state with a state of the common all and the treatment of the common allowers and stamp out every will be an attractive personage.

"I want to add my the used nature's healthy attention and the used in social correlation of the common allowers and stamp out every same and the model of the sam

an erd to ere this, that you will write again. I only wish I an erd to ere this, that you will write again. I only wish I had time to spend an evening with you, hearing all about the things you like and n ise; we'd make you quite at home. Please take the will for the decd. The interrogatory style which you remark is decidedly characteristic. We are all lrish together; that is why. As to the students, I used to have a holy horror of them, but latterly I have changed for the better; and I wonder they aren's worse than they are. 2. Your writing shows a rather impetuous and trustful nature, impulsive, capal le of much off :ction, but lacking nature, imputative, caparise or much infliction, but lanking strength and coretancy of purpose. You are, however, persistent in action, apt to be theoretical, rather discrete and very honest and candid in usethod. You have a bright mind, lacking concentration and system. And you are selfish, but very openly so There is not a mean line in your study. Gather up the loose ends and you will do good work.





The Long and Short of it is that S. DAVIS & Sons' Cigars have no equal.



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GEORGE A. WILTSE.

IDMUND E SEEPPARD - -

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WHE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Propr's.

VOL. VII] TORONTO, MAR. 24, 1894. [No. 18

The Drama.

ANLON'S Fantasma may al ways be relied upon to produce laughter in the dullest house. It is a delightful creation of absurdities, but even it could not seduce society into the paths of pleasure during Holy Week, so the Grand has not been at all crowded.

Eagle's Nest drew good houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's. It is a marvel how the attendance at this house keeps up the season through. Sometimes the plays are poor, but the attendance, never. This seems to signify a triumph, in a financial respect at least, of realism in the drama. The leading actor may fall sick, but if the hydraulic drill does not get broken or the tank spring a leak, then everything is lovely and the audience is delighted. The large average attendance, irrespective of what the attraction is, has often been commented upon. The smallest matinee I ever saw in the house was on that Thursday afternoon when free mantles were being dis tributed among the poor. The ladies evidently for once succumbed to a counter attraction which is a significant commentary upon that vaunted bit of philanthropy.

Duncan B. Harrison in the Paymaster and with Sampson, the strong man, as a special at traction, has caused the Academy to fill up pretty regularly all week. Sampson is a pheon certainly, and the play itself is a very good popular attraction.

George Grossmith, the English entertainer appeared at the Pavilion on Tuesday and Wednesday nights and gave a special matinee this

Field's Minstrels will appear at the Grand on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

What will doubtless be one of the best enter tainments of the season is dated for Friday, March 30, in St. Andrew's Hall, Esther street, It is the musical and dramatic entertainment of the Parkdale Cricket Club. The first part of the programme will consist of vocal music supplied by the Toronto Male Quartette, Messra Putland, Booz, Davies and Kirkpatrick, and other well known lady and gentleman singers. The second part will be a burlesque of the drama, under the management of Mr. Martin Cleworth, into which all sorts of humorous specialties will be introduced. Mr. Cleworth will make his first appearance in Toronto in what he calls his "nickel in the slot imitation of Henry Irving in The Bells." The late presentation of Antigone will also be satirized, and if the show is as funny as the posters it should be worth attending.

Rice & Barton's Comedians will play at the Academy next week.

Alabama will be put on at the Grand for the latter half of next week.

Jarbeau, the sparkler, in Sunlight, will ap pear at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

The King of Baccarat died at Denver, Colorado, not long ago, and the fact was com-mented upon in all the papers. This noted gamester was one of the most contemptible of men, although his career was meteoric. His real name was Deutsch, and he was of Jewish origin. In his early youth he tried his hand at everything without any great success, and his first big start in life was the result of his unblushing audacity. Deutsch found his self one day almost penniless in New York, and entering a saloon read an account of the interminably bitter quarrel between Dion Boucicault and his wife. It struck Deutsch that all New York would be attracted to see Dion and his wife act once more together after all the matrimonial disturbances between them which had been making so much noise in the papers, and he felt sure that in this idea The two principal difficulties were: First, that he. Deutsch, was penniless, and so had not the means whereby his scheme might be floated; and secondly, the probable impossibility of being able to induce Boucleault and his wife to act together. This last difficulty was the first one to overcome, and with this object in view Deutsch immediately called on Mrs. Boucl-cault (Agnes Robertsor) and told her of his plan, and asked her if she would consent to act with her husband if Deutsch, could arrange it. "I she "I should have no objection," replied the lady. "But Mr. Boucicault would, I feel sure, never listen to such a project." Having extracted a pro from her, Mr. Deutsch went at once to Mr. Boucleault's sumptuous abode on Broad way, and asked him if he would object to let ting the New York public see him just for one more last final engagement act with his wife "Certainly not," laughed Dion. "It's a funny idea, but it's quite impracticable, and for the simple reason that she would never consent to act with me after what has happened." Then Deutsch informed the astonished Dion of Mrs. Boucicault's consent, and then and there an engagement was signed. Thus was one of the difficulties overcome. The second, the one arising from the lack of cash, was the most formidable obstacle of the two, but here again the audacity of the penniless young Hebrew, in two places a who, without knowing them, had called on two

of the most prominent members of the theatrical profession in New York, who were at daggers drawn with each other, and had persuaded them to sign with him an engagement to appear together, stood him in good stead. He persuaded a theater proprietor, by showing im his contract with the Boucicaults, to let him have the house on credit, and then ran about the town showing his magic contract and by its aid getting together a company entirely on credit. On credit, indeed, was everything obtained, even to the services of the theater servants, the musicians, and the stage carpenters, and Deutsch used to swear that when the curtain rose on the first night he had not expended a single dollar in ready money on the speculation. The success was great; everyone flocked to the theater to see their favorite actor and actress act once more togother after their matrimonial dissensions and Deutsch was able to pay up all round and pocket some cool thousands. Here was an nstance of bricks—and good ones—being really made without straw and even without heat to bake them. Deutsch then went to Paris and won \$300,000 in a fortnight at baccarat.

A Canadian Soldier.

NE of the most interesting personali-ties in Canada, from an historical point of view, is Col. J. T. Gilkison of Brantford, who last week cele-brated his eightieth birthday. His family as represented in himself, his father and grand-father, has been connected with what might be termed the whole military history of Canada. The present Col. Gilkison bore arms during the Mackenzie Rebellion, and was Asst.-Adju tant General of the Seventh Military District at the time of the "Trent affair." His father, when the war of 1812 was declared, was placed as a captain upon the staff of the quarter-maste general, and was present at the vic-torious action of Crysler's Farm in 813, and had occasion to carry off the field Major Duncan Fraser, a wounded brother fficer. The grandfather of the present Col. Gilkison was the Hon. Alexander Grant, Com modore, R. N., one of the conquerors of Canada from the French. Later he became one of Governor Simcoe's councillors, holding that ffice for twenty-one years, and acting as Administrator of the Government in 1808.

Col. J. T. Gilkison of Brantford saw his first service at muster on the common near Fort George, Niagara, with the sedentary militia on King George's Day, 1832. He served in a co pany of about one hundred volunteers of al ranks, from the high sheriff to the laborer hurriedly assembled on December 6, 1837, upon the unexpected arrival of the good steamer, Traveler, from Toronto, in which they at once embarked and were in due course joyfully received by the partially besieged inhabitants of the capital. Next morning Col. Gilkison remembers to have been clear and frosty, as the company, after receiving arms and equipments at the House of Assembly, fell into line with the main column of volunteers from various parts of the province, about thousand strong, under command of Col. Fitz gibbon, and marched up Yonge street. They attacked and routed Mackenzie and his follow ers, and returned, to the great relief of the anxious city. The company departed on the Traveler to Niagara next day. Col. Gilkison was on the frontier near Chippawa during the occupation of Navy Island by the Mackenzie people, and on horseback he was several times under fire from the guns on the island. He also was on the list of oarsmen for the boats that so successfully cut out the steamer Caroline from its moorings at the island and sent it all ablaze down the river and over the Falls. This daring coup, it will be remembered, cut off the insurgents from connection with the American shore. By the bye, it is asserted by some American writers that there were men on board the vessel when it went over the cataract. It is on record, also, that the destruction of the Caroline was one of the most pictur esquely weird sights ever witnessed.

Several years later Col. Gilkison removed to Hamilton, where he had the charter of the Great Western Railway revived and was its most zealous promoter. In 1849 he was commissioned as lieutenant and adof the Militia Battalion, under command of Col. Sir Allan MacNab; promoted in 1855 to the rank of captain and major, with that of assistant adjutant-general of the Seventh Military District, in which capacity he acted during the "Trent Affair," when so fine a spirit was displayed throughout Canada. In 1874, Colonel Gilkison was gazetted lieuten-ant colonel in the Active Militia, while also holding the office of Indian superintendent for many years. And now a hale old man of eighty, he has a long record of useful years and spirited achievements to look back upon.

Journalistic Item.

fellow wanted ?
Office Boy—He says that he wrote a sonnet entitled Dolly's Dimples and it got into the paper headed Dolly's Pimples, and that he wants it explained, as it got him into trouble with something he salled his feeansay-Texas

Realism.

First Actor-Look here, talk about realism on the stage. Why, I once played the part of Old Moor in The Robbers, with the result that the entire audience were bathed in tears.

cond Actor-Why, my dear fellow, that is nothing. Our company recently gave, in a country place, a performance of The Robbers, which was so true to life that the inhabitants missed several articles the following day.

At the Close of the Play.

"I am still uncertain whether to call it a

omedy or a melodrama. "How does it end up?"

With a marriage.

"A tragedy, my friend; a tragedy!"-Cor-iere di Catania.

Few women ever hear a conversation over a telephone that they do not wish they could be in two places at once, and hear what is said at



Jerome K. Jerome is one of the brightest of English writers, and he has just recently entered the thirties. As a rule the literary man only attains the fullness of his powers and begins the serious undertakings of his life at thirty-five, so that Mr. Jerome's future should prove a great one. He has given us already many things in the way of novels, sketches and dramatic pieces that cannot very well be surpassed. In Ca-

nada he is best known as an au thor of books, and his best known book is Three Men in a Boat Not Counting the Dog. From start to finish of this book the humor aververy high. and it proves irresistibly attractive. On the train one day I fell in with

Jerome K. Jerome.

Jerome K. Jerome. a clergyman tra-veling from Toronto to Stratford, an excellent gentleman, but with opinions decidedly against novel reading. He had no literature with him, and was going upon a vacation to recoup his energies. Until I fell into conversa-tion with him, he had gazed languidly out-ofwindow as the train flew over mile after mile. I had a copy of Three Men in a Boat in my valise, and pulling it out opened it at the point where the three tourists had, as they thought, completed the packing of trunks. I asked him to read a couple of pages there, and he was quite amused. We dis cussed the phase of human nature touched upon by the author, and leaving the book open on the seat I excused myself and went into the smoking-car. Coming back in an hour it was easily seen that the reverend gentleman appreciated Jerome. He was reading with a ungry haste, his face red with laughing, and watched him with great relish. At Stratford I joined him, and he seemed to have a new in terest in life. I tried to give him the book, but he would not accept it. "If you have read it, pass it on, pass it on," he said. "If there is a copy to be found in Stratford I shall possess it in an hour." There is a man who will probably own that I did him a noble service. Jerome is also author of Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, Stageland and other smaller volumes. Stageland is a sketchy thing that anyone interested in the drama should read. It has become a text book for amateur critics and the fountain at which more advanced critics surreptitiously drink now and then. His most pretentious play is The Maister of Woodbarrow, played by Sothern in America. It has been presented in Toronto—two years ago, I think. New Lamps for Old, and Sunset are among his many ventures as a playwright. Mr. Jerome has been fortunate in securing, as an associate in his monthly, The Idler, Mr. Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), perhaps the brightest newspaper man and short story writer America has produced, if we take into account the great things he has yet time to do. Mr. Barr is a Canadian by birth, like Gilbert Parker, Grant Allen and many others. J. W. Bengough of *Grip* recently had a letter from Robert Barr in which he said he longed to once again saunter down Yonge street. Yonge street would be delighted.

A DOZEN FACTS.

In Canada there are one million miles of un explored territory Edison says there is more money made out of little discoveries than big ones, and that it is better to keep the secret of an invention than have it patented...... Cakes of tea in India, pieces of silk in China, salt in Abyssinia and codfish in Iceland have all been used as money.....There are more than two hundred and fifty thousand words in the English language acknowledged by the best authorities, or about seventy thousand more than in the German, Italian, French and Spanish languages combined Ninety-two per cent. of the world's population dwell in the Eastern hemisphere, yet it has only forty-two per cent.
of the world's railway mileage..... England of the world's railway mileage has won eighty-two per cent. of the wars she has engaged in..... The list of the world's

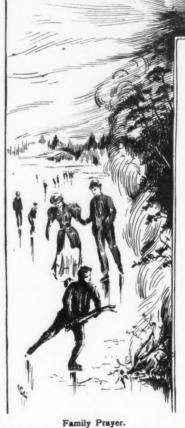
has engaged in.....The list of the world's battles comprises 1527 regular engagements whose names are worthy of recordOver four million persons in the United States live upon wages paid by the railroad companies Boo tree in the sacred city of Aarapoora, Burmah. It was planted in the year 288 B.C.

..... The Dakota River isthelongest unnavigable river in the world. It is over a thousand In the British Museum, according to the catalogue just issued, there are two thousand seven hundred complete Bibles in all languages.....It is seriously proposed to purify the Thames in England by importing a school of crocodiles to act as river scavengers

THE BEST ANECDOTE

Here is the best short anecdote that could be found since last issue in books, magazines and papers to which I have access. Serjeant Davy, a prominent English lawyer, had severely abused a witness and next morning the latter came to his inn at Dorchester, searching from room to room for the offensive lawyer. At last he found Davy in bed and demanded satisfaction. "Well," said the Serjeant, "you surely don't mean to fail upon an unarmed and naked man?" "Certainly not; the business will be conducted as between gentlemen."
"Very good," returned Davy, "then as you have given me your word of honor not to attack me in bed, I give you mine that I will not get out of bed until you are gone out of town and I am in no danger of seeing you again."

The person who argues with a liar has about as much sense as the man who drives into the mud to paint his wagon.



A bachelor pastor in a suburban city gave up his pulpit one Sunday to a missionary, whom he invited to dine with him. Very soon after they had entered the minister's study the visitor asked for the host's family.

"I have no family," was the reply.
"No family!" exclaimed the mi

Why don't you pray for one?" od to keep, and the The story was too go pastor, in telling it, remarked that he thought the missionary had good reason to feel confi-dence in his method, as he was then living with his fourth wife, -Boston Herald.

The Young Scamps.











Skating Song.

For Saturday Night. ning is cold, but the moon shines forth. And the loy breath of the wind from the ne With crystal fetters the stream has bound And silenced the rapid's rippling sound.

Merrily gliding to and fro, Ever along the stream, Over the glittering ice we go, Till skating seems a dream.

Along the bank are the sable pines, And through their branches the cold moon shine As under their shadows or out in the light Our voices ring forth on the silent night.

Over the river as fleet as the hare, We burst our way through the frosty air With sounding steel on the rives's breast Our hearts rebound with a joypus sest.

As the moon sinks down behind the tree And the tail pines moan in the northern break Of the fallen branches a pile we raise And laugh in the light of our bon-fire's blaze.

While round our fire's reflection warm, Ah! little we heed the rising storm As the fairies and elfs go hurrying past On the sweeping wings of the midnight's blast.

The smoke ascends to the star-lit sky, As home o'er the ice-bound stream we fly; And we hurry the speeding hours along With a merry laugh and a skating sour.

The winter night is waning fast, And the snow has driven us ho But oft at night, as we sleep and dream, Again we skate on that frezen stream.

The Destruction of the Cowboy.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIS - STRON

For Saturday Night.
The cowboy came down like a wolf on the fold
And his pockets were weighted with silver and gold,
And the thirt that he had, it was awful to see, He could have drunk all the water in deep Galilee.

Like the fish in the river, when summer was green, fle was drinking as hard when at ten o'clock seen; Like the fish in the river, when its channels run dry, He was gasping for breath and had blood in his sye. For that angel of death, called four per cent. beer,

And the eyes of the cowboy waxed sleepy and chill, His head recied, he fell, and then he was still. And there lay he paralyzed, enoring and red, With his hat in his hand, and a cut in his head; And the streets were all silent, he lay alone,

Was making him feel most dreadfully queer.

His pookets all empty, his bocdle all blown Then the chief of police came down with a blast And breathed in the face of the man as he nee

And loudly he called, "Bring me wagon and team I'll stop this man painting my city carmine." And his comrades next day were loud in their wail, For they fined him ten dollars and sent him to jail; And the might of that cowboy, who never knew fear Was melted like wax by four per cent. beer.

To An Early Robin,

For Saturday Night.

Welcome, bonnie birdie, Welcome back again ! The music of the spring time is thy glad refrain; he melody of happy birds All in the woods at play.

The murmuring of the far-c ff stream : The bells that sweetly ohi With thine outpouring seem to ble ad As in the olden time. And many a happy chorister The woodland school swell.

The glory of the olden time Will mantle hill and date, And hearts at one vibrate again Beneath the moonlight pale. Soft lights and shimmering sta Will weave their magic spell, As lovers in the gloaming time The whispered story tell

The lilace all in purple bloom Will deck the valley green, And buttercupe and dalelee white To crown the young May Queen. The fragrance of the early morn, The suppy skies so clear. The glory of the summer time Will soon again be here

Then welcome, Robin Redbrease, Sweet messenger of spring. The joy of happy days to come Thy melody doth bring. A wealth of gladness in thy brease Inspires thy heavenly strain, And saddened hearts rejoice to see The Robins come again.

Newspaper Farming. Con e all ye lowly farmers, Come all ye granger folk, Who in the cultivation Who is the cultivation
Of wheat have gone dead broke
Since in the rural precincts
You cannot find your luck,
Come here and learn the secret
Of making garden truck.

High up above the pigmies Who rush along the stre There tolls a gifted worker Opon a morning sheet.

All right be looks at copy;

All night he handles new

All day he All day he sweats his thinkes And much of wiedom brews

He grieves to think that farme Should play a losing hand At ploughing up the becom And in his grief he me The farmer would be in it With fortune for his bride.

So come, ye lowly ploughmen And learn the golden secret For be it understood Of making country butter By the paragraph or stick.

- St. Paul News.

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Cowboy.

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R. Paul News

. Between You and Me.

HATE being interrupted," said someone to me to-day, "don't you?" Well, it depends upon several things. I remember being interrupted in the midst of a confidential chat with a trusted friend, where I was on the point of disclosing to her a dilemma reflecting tragically on the character of a third party, and asking her advice thereon. Be-fore another tete a-tete came I chanced to discover that the third party was the sister of my friend! I didn't hate being interrupted much that time. Interruptions come from above and break the line of march that might be to our undoing, oftener than we at all realize until years have given us wisdom; interruptions in years have given us wisdom; interruptions in our pleasures, our plans or our pursuits are sometimes blessed things, exasperating as they may appear at the time. Some people are horribly touchy about being interrupted in a story or an expression of opinion. French and Irish folk are not often resentful of the bright result that there's in unon a stream of talk and mind that breaks in upon a stream of talk and splashes it right and left. They would sooner take a handy short cut than walk round, but there are people who eye one resentfully, who even say, "When you have quite finished, I will continue," who imbue one with much wicked desire to shy something at them, and who begin all over again and "continue" to the bitter end the story that they set out to tell or the opinion they are determined to express. A funny little interruption came to this just

now, when the door bell rang, and an unmistak-ably north-of-Ireland man mildly requested to be allowed to look at Lady Gay's back-yard. In silent amazement I conducted the north-of-Ireland man through the domicile, and laid bare the sacred precincts of the small portion of real estate for which I paid seventeen and a quarter mills on the dollar last summer. The quarter mins on the dural last sameliant.

Irishman looked at its small and bare expanse, and a puzzled expression came over his countenance. "There's nothing here, at all," he sollioquized. "What did you expect to find?" I enquired. "Garbage; there's a complaint against quired. "Garbage; there's a complaint against this yard sent to the station, and I've been two days trying to inspect it." "Why didn't you go to the side and look over?" I enquired, "or come in by the gate?" The inspector walked across the little yard and looked out over the fence, then walked into each of the little bare corners, then shook his head and thought, corners, then shook his head and thought, then remarked that someone had made a mistake. "You mean that you have," I laughed, and showed him out again. Before I had recovered from the rage which consumed me at the notion of my pansy bed and potato patch. being on record as a nuisance, the door-bell rang again. There was the inspector. "I made a mistake and the nuisance is at No.—" made a mistake and the nuisance is at No .he said frankly. "I got the wrong number at the station; I am sorry to have brought you to the door." I wished him many happy returns of the day (it is the 17th of Ireland) and rather enjoyed the little episode, but I do hope they will record the proper number of the back-yard that is not a pansy bed.

When this paragraph reaches the eyes of those readers who keep SATURDAY NUHT for Sunday perusal, the season of fasting will be over, and the query suggests itself as to whether one has benefited by such small or large self-disciplines as have been practiced. There are some of my neighbors who fasted regularly, and are sallow and thread-papery, and when they return to their normal diet they will, have indigestion, and headaches, and beauty spots, and annoyances of various kinds. The lady who gave up butter, and the gentle-man who took plain water instead of sodawater with his grog; the early worshipper who was cross and cold, or self-righteous and aggravating; the sweet woman who only missed two services, and the giddy pate who tore up her rink ticket on Ash Wednesday; the little maid who gave up candy and substi-tuted pop-corn; the society man who let his beard grow, and the whist player who attended progressive cuchre parties, how are they feeling o-day? A good many of them are probably in e same plight as my geraniums, which, being edded in their winter growth, I turned ht-about on Ash Wednesday for the good their proportions. They do look so un-nfortable, and I feel so ashamed of myself for bothering them, when I see them craning their stems backwards to reach the light. All through Lent they have worried me, and I am not quite sure that it weuld not have been as well to have left them alone !

leaw a pretty thing in an English paper today which my Canadian readers may appreciate as I do. After saying that the mannish woman as I do. After saying that the mannian woman is peculiar to England, the writer interpolates: is peculiar to England, the writer interpolates: is peculiar to England, the writer interpolates: They have the mistaken impression that it is not quantity thing that man does, but she doesn't do it in a wannish way." That writer was a just and the rooter when they excueste their sols is peculiar to England, the writer interpolates: They have the mistaken impression that it is not quantity in leave the Divine intention to be to place parentage far a shead of the duties of the world needs now, but quality to physique? It is not quantity to place parentage far a shead of the duties of the world needs now, but quality the world needs now, and the english the world needs now, and the english the world needs now, and the engli or us in that sentence? We are not unsexed then we choose unconventional occupations. Our fineness of perception, our individuality, is that we remain womanly. English girl who effects tweed cutaways and stiff dickeys, who carries a crook stick and an eyeglass, and gets herself up to look like a eeky boy, unsexes herself, and there is no sin unpardonable than that in my eyes There is a less attractive sort in England who strikes wild terror into me, who sits cross egged, looks contemptuously at my smar nnet, is abrupt and uncouth in speech and novement, clears her throat with an aggress sive "Hem," has many pockets and very long equare-tood shoes, wears a man's hat and never smiles, but laughs in a loud metallic shion. Sometimes she has a trifle of down on her lip, sometimes her teeth project, some she is sallow and has tendons up and lown her neck. Always she is to me a terror peside which the most advanced Woman Rights woman in America with her most impossible hybrid costume is a Venus and a Hebe. Well, there she is, and her own countryoman announces in public print that we can't emulate her, because we are too irrevocably LADY GAY.

When you see a man who kieses his children in public you may be sure that he keeps the seats of their pantaloons well dusted at home.

"When you have difused your taste, where will your classes be? The man who likes what you like, belongs to the se class as you."
"If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must know what it is. We have all prayed for it, many a day, without thinking, serve, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of same class as you."

"If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it. And, to work for it, you must know what it is. We have all prayed for it, many a day, without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly, nobody knows how."—Ruskin.

In the Canadian Magazine for October an having felt the fall of some wisps of hay upon article entitled Women in Office appeared. The writer of the article, while allowing their of his nervous barnyard acquaintances, to tell adaptability to business, makes the sweeping the queen the clouds were falling.

Of what extravagances are young women in offices guilty of which men are not? I, for one, of life for the sole purpose of supplying them-selves with luxuries. There are, at least, he says, two hundred women in the city of Ottawa alone who have no other excuse for working than cupidity, selfishness and pride.

Allowing the writer of the article in ques-tion to be indisputably well posted on the present circumstances of these women, I should like to ask if his acquaintance with their future prospects is such as to warrant him in making an accusation of such gravity?

I, for my part, can imagine many cases in which a parent, in receipt of a comfortable income, may provide an excellent home for his daughters during his lifetime, but what of the time when he shall have been gathered to his fathers? This writer assures us in prose of what the poet has previously made us confident in successful. dent in verse, that

"No one so accurred by Fate,
No one so utterly desolate
But some hears, though unknown,
Responds unto his own,"

but gives us the further information that it is from lack of information we are kept separate from our affinities. Man, he says, is unable to marry because woman is usurping the employment which made it possible for man, in the past, to establish a household.

The day has gone by when women are will-ing to wait forlornly, like her of the Moated Grange, for the "he," who (for reasons of pru-dence or otherwise," ("cometh not." It is in my opinion the way of wisdom for girls to turn out while they are yet young; it is not when one is middle aged that one is best fitted to take on the harness of either a trade or a pro-fession. Besides, when was middle aged womanhood ever given the preference over youth and a good appearance in the matter of employment? If some arrangement could be entered into by which girlhood (in affluence) should abstain from work for the sake of the hundreds of young men who would then obtain employment, and, in return, a grateful manhood would agree to a plan by which they should be taxed for the liberal and adequate support of aged and infirm womanhood (from whom riches had fled and for whom affinities had not materialized), there might be less reason on either side for the cry of greed and cupidity. Lacking such an arrangement we should be unworthy the praise which has been bestowed upon our business ability if we postponed acquiring the means of support until want actually tapped at our doors.

In the same article we are also assured that women are so flooding the walks of life in which men have hitherto reigned supreme that there is nothing left for our husbands and brothers to do unless they take to housework. Let me comfort my readers of the opposite sex by assuring them that there are many tasks heretofore relegated to the sphere of women the performance of which by men, however lowering to the dignity and grace of manhood, will in no wise tend to their physical deterioration. I mean such work as washing, scrubbing, ironing or blackleading. It is strange with all the anxious thought men have devoted to our powers of endurance that it never occurred to them that these duties were laborious! Let me also remind the same readers that it was neither as a counter-jumper nor as an account-ant that the Grand Old Gardener, or that man of might, old Tubal Cain, have had their names handed down to a remote posterity.

The fact is, too many young men have been and are being educated for offices. More and more men grow to despise all honest trade or the quiet walks of agriculture. It is a weak-ness of men that they have come to believe that bone and muscle which may be honorably applied to the pastime of propelling a boat, are degradingly occupied in the formation of a plow. Is it not a fact that when the moulder acquires sufficient educations of the control of the position of the control of tion for the post, that he will desert his trade, which pays him say ten dollars a week, for the cliable? Must the delights of science and the work of an artizan be always disunited? Shall ignorance and farming be forever wedded? For many years we have been trying to make the laborer an educated man; perhaps circumstances are conspiring to force on our attention the fact that the educated man may become a laborer without any mental degradation.

But it is of the awe-inspiring matrimonial decline that I most wish to speak. We are warned that modern notions of the independence of women, coupled with extravagant ways of living, are bringing about the steadily declining marriage rate. This reminds one greatly of the nursery story wherein the cock

Every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT throughout Canada is nvery reaser or naturalar releast among noise Canada requested to send us a few lines on this vital marria question. Next week this page will be devoted to the pullahing of such letters. While we would prefer correspondents to sign their own names, so Mrr. Newhall has dot will wan will be a children devoted. still we will not of ject to flottious signatures. But if you are going to write you must write at once, as the latters must reach the editor by W-sincesday morolog. Letters reaching us on Tuesday will besure of insertion. Mairimony is the gravest teature of civilination, and every mother and maiden must have an opinion upon it. Nor will short lesters from men be declined. Mrr. Newhall says that the basis of mesculine love is vanity. Is that true? Men are also entitled to disques the startling proposition that there should be a cessation of matrimony for twenty years. In these days of women's rights and females extraonisisments, men cannot afford to meet any proposition directed against their privileges with non-resistance.—Till Editon. still we will not of ject to fictitious signatures. But if you

am not acquainted with any young woman employed in a public office whose attire is conspicuously lavish. Has she a sealskin? It was probably bought with the money her brother would have spent on cigars and drink. Is she having her voice trained? It is quite likely she is, her tastes being more æsthetic than her brother's. She is doing it on the same amount her brother spent on the maintenance of mere selfish pleasures. Is she beautifying her home? Then she is giving enjoyment not only to herself but to all who may either visit or abide therein.

abide therein.

It is claimed that she is unwilling to begin life in a humble way. Well, supposing she does refuse to marry from a modest competence earned by herself to the condition of poverty described as "love in a cottage," will not the world in general be rather the gainer by her prudence? It would perhaps be more towards to this of a bedeen which the more touching to think of a choice which in-volved some sacrifice for love on her part, but has she any right to either sacrifice or gratify herself at the expense of her unborn children?
Would there not be fewer children born to

mendicity if women from the sheltered anchorage of an agreeable employment would give a prudent forethought to the chances of a married existence and its effect on their offspring?
And suppose that the honorable estate of
matrimony not only should decline but should come to a positive standstill—what then? Was there ever a better time for such a thing to happen? There being peace throughout the world it is not necessary that matrimony should go on for the mere preservation of the species, and even if war raged it has been proven that only half of womankind is necessary to maintain the population at its average, I am not willing to say marriage—"the mar-riage of true souls"—is a failure, but I am perfectly willing to say that marriage on its present basis of moonshine is not right, and divorce is not its remedy. Divorce in its most liberal form has only succeeded in making of matrimony a baser thing. Divorce means the doling out of justice to women by the thimble-ful, and it is not individual nor purely femi-nine rights that are to be shielded. The best

women want but the general good.

I have said that I am not willing to say marriage is a failure; on the contrary, I believe there are glorious possibilities in matrimony When the contracting parties fully compre hend and accept its responsibilities on a proper basis, I believe it to mean not the kingdom of either man or woman, but the kingdom of God. But in the meantime I can see nothing but good to come of a general suspension of matrimony for say twenty years. Failing this, I consider it a matter of congratulation that half at least of womankind are not marrying. It is unfortunate that marriage is not one of those games of which the spectator sees the most. The time has now come when the un-married spectator should understand the game in all its phases, and be taught it by such rules that any man or woman who cares to take part in it shall'carry it to an agreeable and triumph-

ant conclusion Hand in hand and eye to eye, for many a year women have felt that matrimony was neither what it should nor what it might be, yet they have trembled to give expression to their thoughts. Lip to lip they have been as silent as the grave. Now out of the trouble, doubt, dissatisfaction and silence has come, like a Messiah, an Englishwoman, Sarah Grand, whose voice has the strength and power of her convictions and whose bravery and sacrifice of self to a species of Inquisition for the good of her kind are at least in worthy imitation of

the duties of wife and husband, though one hears comparatively nothing of this when one deak, which brings him in only five? Is it marries, I am glad of an opportunity to write of not a fact that the carpenter, the bricklayer what I believe are the chief mistakes of, and and the roofer when they educate their sons the improvements which I think might be

the demand of the several relationships; I desire only to urge upon your attention that we hear too much of what is proper for the husband, what is consistent for the wife, and far too little of the joint duties of both towards the existing or the possible results of their union.

Wielding but a feeble pen, I am not going to touch upon that forerunner of matrimony called love. I am not going to try to prove what I believe, that friendship of an exalted type is the only permanent basis for marriage. I am not going to enumerate the straws upon which women base the happiness of their lives upon which they feel themselves competent to take the solemn oath of matrimony. I do not know why we always talk of this oath as so particularly a solemn oath. It is not half so well constructed an oath as we administer to the candidate for civic or political functions. because it is not based on reason or justice Men and women swear at the altar to Lonor each other, that is, to maintain—in opposition to whatever contending emotions—a condition of mind which can only exist under certain cir-

Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?

This oath needs revision I think. Blessed indeed, above all others are the women who, after a few years of marriage, can honestly honor which is justiv Cassar's due : but their

makes a mental reservation when accepting her oath, that he will be guided by this sweet woman's pure influence; but one may retreat from a climax as well as ascend to it. Probably at the same time the woman makes the mental reservation that as this delightful man can only ask of her what is good and noble she is per-fectly safe in swearing, but she swears limit-lessly. What party to a legal contract of the meanest description is not hedged about by provisos which ensure his or her safety? But in this contract involving the greatest of all issues, the woman places herself helplessly at the mercy of the man. If a man says "lie," she is to lie. If a man says "steal," she is to steal. Think of it, women, before you leave the snug Think of it, women, before you leave the snug places where you have yet the privilege of derelating for yourselves the question of right and wrong, and tell me wherein in a conscientious fulfilment of her vows in opposition to her reason lies the great advance in the condition of the married woman of the Occident over those of the Orient. There are cases in which the man says "aspire," but—except in the way of social aspiration—they are few and far between; the fact being that men are well con-tent to tell women they have a higher moral nature, that they are higher and more spiritually minded, etc., than men. This relieves them of a vast amount of responsibility, there being less expected of one bereft of a moral sense from his birth, and makes woman, as it were, the keeper of the family conscience; were, the keeper of the family conscience; which, like a bracelet, adds lustre to her charms but would be sadly in the way of the man of the world. It is, therefore, frequently the case that women suffer moral deterioration when they become wives. Fond as men are of securing for themselves only the purest of women, they are themselves the first to sully the white they are themselves the first to sully the white mind given into their care. I have heard wo-men say more times than I can tell you: "I speech until they marry. And why should they ever be told of these things † Is a woman less pure when she becomes a wife? If so,

why do our clergy call this "holy matrimony?"

But so much stress is laid on the influence
the wife is to exercise. If this influence alone is what is to be depended upon, greater happiness, in my opinion, would be the lot of both sexes if women married later in life. It has been the fashion to say that it is better for a woman to marry young and that, certainly, for happiness, she should be several years younger than her husband. She makes a better wife—moulds better, it is said. Perhaps, but it is to be regretted that everybody seems to forget that wifehood is only an incident to who marries young in order to be the more easily moulded, is also the crea-ture who influences! Can the two qualities exist together? Woman, as a girl, has no influence on the more mature and coarser mind. The experiment of elevating a man by affording him a continual contempla-tion of pure girlhood has as gratify-ing a result as one might expect from trimming fustian with silk. It is only when she arrives at the age of thought—which comes not sooner than six or seven and twenty—that she has a chance of influencing her life's companion. How often in the history of mankind has it been the case that where the woman was mature the man achieved the greatest measure of success !

Then, again, women are not half educated to meet the demand of motherhood. This cannot be so in the small space of time allowed between childhood and the period at which they marry. It is true if women married later there would be fewer children born, but would that be a lamentable condition of things? With so many average people in the world already, with so many below the average in the world that if its inhabitants spread out to its uttermost limits they would be knocking each other over the edges, what right have women to bring backs on fame and wealth, in order to obtain for themselves the higher, more delightful.

Intellectuality or physique? It is not quantity more elevating (and, please God, it will be the

possess, and in attributing to us virtues which exist only in their imagination. For instance, it is their general belief that the fact of being born women qualifies us in every instance for motherhood. That depends so much on what one's ideal of motherhood is. I believe that God himself plants hope and, in the breast of some women, motherliness, leaving the other virtues to the care of His angels; but I deny that all women are gifted alike with a genius for motherbood, or that a gentle womanliness and sympathetic wifeliness are anything but mere incidents to motherliness. I have some women with a talent for arraying themselves in comfort lead a half-clad child through the inclemencies of winter weather. I have known women to whom the prospect of mother hood offered nothing but regret and dismay; this from pure selfishness. I have known women who felt the presence of their children through out their waking hours a source of torture. Can you tell me that it is not well that a wo man of this stamp does not now feel herself compelled to marry for the sake of a home?

On the other hand, scores of women marry ecause they desire to become mothers. are generally good women, lovable women women craving for something upon which to lavish the redundancy of their affection. But they are no less mistaken women, discovering their mistake only when the vice, the weakness of the father, the lowness of whose moral

THE DECLINE OF MARRIAGE

BY GEORGINA FRASER NEWHALL.

respect and reverence are not the result of the cath they took, but of the possession by the husband of such characteristics as evoke and compel respect. Womenswear to obey their husbands! Swear, remember, not to an obedience

respect and reverence are not the result of the back at them in the vices of their child. I appeal to the highest instincts of motherhood. What right have women to bring a moral bands! Swear, remember, not to an obedience deformity, a physical imperfection, into the world that they may indulge their longings for children? We have all read that story (Mrs. Oliphant's, I think), The Country Gentleman, and remember the gentle mother who, being married to become a mother, found in her children bone, perhaps, of her bone and flesh of her flesh, but none after all that were mind of her mind. Can the dove mate with the vul-ture and find all the offspring doves? I would say to these women: "Adopt a child, or children, whichever you are competent to support, rather than accept a man who is one whit lower than the highest ideal of manliness." It will, I know, be more difficult for a woman in an office, or of limited means, than for the wo-man who owns her own house and is well-to-do, to follow this course, but will not the little the office woman can do for one child be better than public charities can do for a houseful of them? It is said that the adoption of children is full of disappointment. Does the rearing of one's own children always result in gratification? It is said one is confronted in adopting children by the vices of the parents. Then may the foster-mother congratulate herself that or her at least there is no responsibility for this heritage of evil. Of this I am assured, every marriage is a failure as far as society in general is concerned where both parents have not in view the production of the highest of their species.

Basing their ideas on their knowledge that men swear to cherish the women they marry "in sickness and in health," women frequently leave their condition of single blessedness to enter upon what is sometimes called double blessedness. It is delightful, they feel, to have a certainty of tender treatment, loving care and axious regret hovering about their invalid couches, should they be so unfortunate as to be stricken low. They forget that the founda-tion on which we base our matrimonial ven-tures at present makes the man's oath just as impossible of fulfilment under certain conditions as the woman's. Why do men marry us? Because we are witty? Wit grows dull when men say more times than I can tell you: "I he body languishes. Because of our complex tain immoralities, "until I was married." I know this to be a statement received with general incredulity among men, but I hold, and I women's diseases, and when have people time to know this to be a statement received with general incredulity among men, but I hold, and I am sure I can reckon on the support of every one of my sex in its maintenance, that most necessary one of the indecencies of the index its root in vanity, and success is the key by which a woman reaches it. And when success has become a thing of the past she too often finds that the cherishing has taken its depart-ure at the same time. What advantage is there in being the object of a grudging private charity, weary of a useless toy, beyond being the recipient of the hospital charity which, at

its worst, is only indifferent?

Nevertheless, as I said before, matrimony has glorious possibilities. Let not the hearts of men be troubled. Give us opportunity to think; give us freedom to talk. I have been told that I talk too plainly; that such subjects are for physicians to discuss freely. Then let us make our physicians ministers of the gospel to forget that wifehood is only an incident to motherhood. And what is it she moulds to? Is there not danger that she may mould to men's meanness? "As the husband is, the wife is." This is true frequently, but that does not prove that it is right. And this creature who marries young in order to be the mation. When we have learned to believe that when wooing shall take this form that a man going to a woman shall say. "Be my wife; you are of all women the one I most desire as the mother of my daughters," and the woman replying shall also declare, "Thank you for a true man's love; you are the one man I should choose to be a guide for my sons," matrimony will have brought us very near to the kingdom of God, which shall exist in reality with us when our sons shall inherit their mental strength from the mother as much as from the father, our daughters their purity as much from the father as from the mother, and when physical vigor shall be the heritage of both.

And when men have learned that more is expected and demanded from them than the mere production of children, more even than the merely social duty of providing their off-spring with food and clothing; when they have learned that manliness and husbandliness are but incidents to the higher duties of fatherliness; when they have bethought them that there may be such a thing as an abuse of the privilege of possession, matrimony will exist under happier auspices. And there will still be enough women in the world willing to de sert music, art and literature, to turn their more highly educated) privilege of motherhood Men have persisted in denying the existence | Until then I do not believe that many women will see aught very terrifying ened decline of matrimony.

Origin of the Polka

The polka is not of Polish origin, as its name night lead one to suppose. The first dancer of "Bohemian girl, the polka was a young, rosy named Haniczka Sziezak, the favorite partner at every dance in her native village of Koste lec, on the Elbe. One night at a ball, in the year 1830, she was asked to dance a pas seul. She readily complied, saying :

"I will give you something of my own

She then began to sing, and spun around keeping time to the tune. The village school-master, who was present, accompanied her on the fiddle, and very soon Haniczka's dance became popular in Kostelec, and its fame spreading, it was in course of time adopted as the national dance.

What do you call your dance?" she was

asked one day.
"Pulku," was the reply, "because it is danced with a half-step.

"Pulku" was turned into "Polku," and later on into "Polka," which became all the rage at Prague in 1833, at Vienna in 1839 and Paris in 1840. Haniczka is now an old lady, well stricken in years, and carefully tended by her six children and a host of grand-children.-Hlas Narodu.

Short Stories Retold.

Prince Metternich once requested an auto graph of Alexandre Dumas. Dumas wrote in his best round hand: "Received from Prince Metternich twenty-five bottles of his oldest Johannisberg." Metternich sent the wine with a good grace.

After Mr. Sumner had criticized General Grant savagely, someone was talking to Grant about atheism in New England and remarked: "Even Sumner does not believe in the Bible." "Why should he?" quietly replied Grant;
he didn't write it."

Dr. Nedley, physician to the Dablin Metro-Dr. Nedley, physician to the Danin Metro-politan Police, relates that once on being cheered by the admiring populace at a public gathering he heard a voice cry out: "Three cheers for Dr. Nedley. He killed more policemen than ever the Fenians did!"

This little anecdote illustrates the gallantry Inis little anecdote illustrates the gallantry of the Irish cabman. 'An old lady was getting into a cab in Dublin, and she said to the driver: "Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm very old." "Begorra, mum," said he, "no matter what age ye are, ye don't look it."

General Mahone was wounded at the second battle of Manassas, and someone, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said: "Oh, don't be uneasy; it's only a fiesh wound." Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh, that is impossible; there is not flesh enough on him for that." Those who have seen General Mahone can appreciate

It is said that Bismarck once sent a challenge to Virchow because of some frank speaking on the part of the great pathologist. The latter instantly remarked that, as the challenged party, he had the choice of weapons, and held up two sausages, apparently exactly alike, saying: "One of these is filled with deadly trichine and the other is perfectly healthy. Let Bismarck choose which of these he will eat, and eat it, and I will eat the other." The duel was not fought.

The late Father O'Dwyer, parish priest of Enniskerry, gave a carman who had driven him home on a wet day a glass of whisky. He begged for another glass. Father O'Dwyer, who knew that the man was rather too fond of spirits, refused, and, still holding the despirits, retueed, and, said: "Every glass of that you drink is a nail in your coffin." "Why, then, your riverence," said the man, "as you have the hammer in your hand, you might as well drive another nail into it.

There is a story of Carlyle in his old age having taken the following farewell, in his broadest Scotch, to a young friend who had had him in charge for walks, and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him. "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom.'
The boredom had consisted solely in the rather negative sin of not having been convinced of the truth of one of Carlyle's dogmas.

Put not your trust in a woman, is a paraphrase to which the tragedian George C. Milne would unhesitatingly assent. He was at one time playing in a Western city and observed in the front row an old lady dissolved in tears. Highly flattered, he sent an attendant to say that he would like to see her after the performance. When they met, Mr. Milne was graciousness itself. "Madam," he said, "I perceive that my acting moved you." "It did that, sir," said the old woman. "You see, sir, I've got a young son myself play actin' down in Kentucky somewhere, an' it broke me all up to think that mebbe he warn't no better at it than you, sir."-Chicago Journal.

There is an anecdote in connection with the fact that Lord Shand is a large shareholder in the North British Railway, and, living close to Eskbank, the station-master would often keep the train waiting for his lordship. One day a otch commercial was making his way to the station, when he saw the train come in. Knowing the influence of the judge, he ran to-wards the station, waving his hat and pointing to Lord Shand's house. The station-master stopped the train, into which the panting am-bassador of commerce rushed. "Where's his lordship!" queried the station-master excitedly. "I ken naething aboot his lordship," the man replied, "but I'm a' richt; ye can go on for Edinburgh as fast as ye like."

After the repulse of the rebel attack on the Shah Nujeef at Lucknow, one Pandy counter-feited death with great skill, then all of a sudden sprang to his feet and ran like a deer. He was still within easy range, and several rifles were leveled at him; but Sergeant Findley, who was on the rampart-and himself one the best shots in the service—called out:
Don't fire, men! Give the poor devil a chance!" Instead of a volley of bullets, he got a cheer to speed him on his way. As soon as he heard it, he realized his position, halted, turned round, and putting up both his hands, with the palms together, in front of his face. salaamed profoundly, and then walked slowly away, while the Highland soldiers on the ram-parts waved their feather bonnets and clapped their hands.

Easter Bonnets.

ASTER comes early this year, and brings the demi-season styles into use at once. The new bonnets are toques and capotes without scrings, larger than tiny head dresses, yet looking small when on the head. Virot sends a dozen shapes of capotes of jet in large projecting spikes, with rings, ear-drops and faceted disks, while others are of spangles or sequins, with larger jets as a border. The bow is the thing in trim-ming, whether of black moire ribbon perched high at the back, or of jet and lace in Alsacian fashion. Crushed roses of pale china pink or darker cerise, Parma violets in small thick clusters, a Rhine stone buckle, some wired bits of white lace, and a huge black aigrette com plete the garniture. Should strings be added, they are of black moire ribbon, wide and grace you by calling a body's attention to an short, each ending in a large loop, and these old bonnet like this .- Truth.

loops are hooked together to form a directoire

Black violets showing green stems and a few eaves are the fashionable flower, and are seen to great advantage when covering the brim of a toque of gold bullion or of jet, which also has two bows of china pink velvet high at the back, drawn through jet rings. Two or three round bunches of black violets are around the crown of many other bonnets, and on round

Fancy rough straws, especially brown and cru, are in favor for toques and Russian turbans. They are trimmed all around turbans. the crown with bunches of violets, either black, purple, or white, and choux of yellow velvet in the Russian yellow and chrysanthemum shades. A black aig-

well, the Russian aigrettes being almost as thick as a shaving-brush.

English walking hats with the brim turned up on both sides are of black straw, or of combined ecru and black, and when trimmed with black satin ribbon in a band and bows choux with some short curling tips, are very stylish for wearing with tailor gowns. Close hats with cocked brim are partly of ecru Leghorn and partly black. Soft puffed crowns are on many hats. China-pink and Jacqueminotshaded ostrich tips are placed almost erect on rough brown or black straws, three in number each starting from a cluster of black violets.

Sailor hats are worn quite plain of smooth black, ecru or blue straw, with a high crown, narrow brim, and only a band of ribbon with a bow. Others less severe and very French are of rough brown straw, with low crown, brim curving widest in front, a folded band of black satin around the crown, and trimming on both sides in Mercury fashion, not of wings, how ever, but of a large bunch of the all-pervading violets on either side, that on the left holding erect a single pink rose on its long stem.

Thin lawns, organdy muslins, dotted Swiss nainsook, and batiste skirts have rows of insertion of lace or embroidery, but in parallel rows or else zigzag about the hips and again near the foot. Two flounces, each ten inches deep and gathered on a band, are around batiste skirts that are three and a half yards wide at

the toof, but narrow to the belt, where they have two other flounces slightly narrower added to give a very full effect. Triple flounces covering dotted Swiss muslin skirts each have a narrow insertion of embroidery above the hem. The effect of double akirts is given by attach ation skirt of the same

the upper skirt reaching plainly to the knee in front, then meeting in the back to fall to the foot in full pleats. The lower skirt is sewed straight around on the foundation, beginning under the upper skirt. Lace, embroidery, rows of ribbon, or a narrow ruffle edge each skirt. For very youthful white dresses narrow ruffles cover the entire skirt and the sleeves, and others have accordion pleating instead. Some of the prettiest thin waists are finely tucked lengthwise from bust to belt, and full above with a collarette and basque added of Valen ciennes or of point de Paris lace. The sleeves are tucked below the elbow and puffed above, with a lace ruffle at the elbow.

New Swiss muslins have colored pin dots or else white dots with Dresden roses printed in color amid them, and also narrow colored stripes. Tinted dotted muslins and the sheer organdies have similar designs. Chine dashes and flowers are charming designs for batistes. White and black batistes with phlox or petunia colored moire or satin crush collar and belt will be worn again by those dressing in colors. Three or four wide tucks are around dotted Swiss or nainsook skirts, while others have a festooned flounce of one of the thin light laces at the foot, with another suggesting an overskirt, or else there are lengthwise insertions to LA MODE.

Pictorial Journalism

expectations of illustrated journalism may be



panying engraving heads the morcuary column of the sphere of the per seems to

realized. A feeling of awe overcomes one as one views such a work as this-in a common one views such a work as this—in a common weekly paper too, intended for the masses and the mourners. What could be more suggestive than the delicate attitude of the two grief stricken figures? It expresses the whole volume of their grief. Illustration such as this tells on the circulation—of the blood, let us say. It knocks it cold. For "ap-propriateness" it fills the whole bill. There is nothing left unachieved in the realm of the illustrated paper. The Review should follow this stroke of artistic enterprise with cuts for "the cradle" and "the altar." One can scarcely magine the felicity with which the artist would treat those joyous subjects. One wishes to Could it not be changed weekly or as occasion

The Wife—I've quit asking people if my connet is on straight. The Husband—Why, my dear?

A Neglected Poet

First National Bard Fully two months have now passed since Charles Sangster, poet and Poets, gave Sangster the first place among national post of the Dominion. But in death friendly fate with a braver heart than he. proaches. Canada is a young country. She rough and calls for much stiff climbing, so that she has little leisure as yet for the quiet by his heart that for more than twenty years before his death his muse was mute. Had Sangster done as others have done, de-

erted his native land and sought a home in the

Moved amid the very foremost of her truest worshippers, Sindying each curve of beauty, marking every minute

Felt a pleasure in the brooklet singing of its wild retreat, But I anelt before the splendor of the thunderous Chau

And it was always in singing of Canada-her boundless forests, her mighty rivers and lakes, and her brief but glorious past—that he sang at his best, for his heart was in the music. Some times the joyous life of the voyageur was re-

netimes he sang of the pride of French Canada:

Quebec! how regally it crowns the height.

Here Nature holds her Carnival of Isles, Steeped in warm suclight all the merry day, Each nodding tree and finating greenwood emiles,

Exquisite in its tender grace is the sonner To the Whip-poor Will, which begins thus: Last night I heard the plaintive whip-poor will And straightway sorrow shot his swiftest dark; I know not why, but it has chilled my heart Like some dread thing of evil all night long

When Sangster left the rapids and mountains and woods and turned to personal themes, he rarely maintained so high a level. His Brock, for instance, is, we think, disappointing, but happily he seldom left the pastures whence he cuiled the choicest flowers. It is sad to think that Canada will, in years to come, listen for his voice in vain.—The Canadian Gazette.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would read the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S

Have Canadians quite forgotten the writer who only a few years ago was heralded as their journalist, passed quietly away at Kingston, Ontario, at the age of seventy one years, and the event has been left almost unnoticed in the Canadian press. Yet thirty years ago the Rev. H. Dawart, in his Selections from Canadian Canadian poets, and writing only a year or two ago, in the introduction to his Canadian Poems and Lays, Mr. Lighthall called him the Canadian Wordsworth, and the first important the name of Charles Sangster suffers as he him self suffered in life. It is the old sad story of scantily recognized genius, not, it is true, with so tragic an ending as in the case of the talented Isabella Valancey Crawford, for Sangster had bravery as well as high attain-ments, and knew how to face poverty and neglect with a bold heart. "There is," says Mr. Dewart, "scarcely one who has had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or faced un-And yet we must not be too hasty in our rehas in hand the gigantic task of building up a mighty empire in the West. Her pathway is paths of literature and art, and her gifted sone must wield the axe or drive the plough-or, at least, ply their pens in the daily toil of journal ism if they would live self-respecting lives. This Sangster did, and the grind of newspaper work and civil service monotony so wore out

United States, he would, one may well believe have easily won fame and competence. But he was too intense in his Canadian sympathies to do that. In The Falls of the Chaudiere he

I have laid my cheek to Nature's, placed my puny hands is here,
Felt a kindred spirit warming all the life-blood of my face;

grace; Loved not less the mountain cedar than the flowers at my feet, Looking skyward from the valley, open-lipped as if is

flected in his verse, as in Tae Rapid :

All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indoless batteau moved slowly along.
The rowers, light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:

Hurrah for the R pid! that merrily, merrily Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way; Soon we will enter it, cheerly, cheerly, Pleased with its freshees, and was with its spray."

Sometimes of the St. Lawrence and the Sague nay, and sometimes, as in one of his best poems, of the plories of the Thousand Isles:

And mose-frowed mosters move in grim array;
All night the fisher spears his finny prey;
The pinsy fishbeaux reddening the deep,
Past the dim shores or up sum mimio bay;
Like grotesque bandisti they boldly sweep
Upon the startled prey, and stab them while they sleep.

My nerves were shaken and my pulse stood still, And waited for a terror yet to come, To strike harsh discords through my life's sweet song.



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A Reporter's Temptations.

The following table of instructive figures. which it is claimed first appeared in a Van-couver paper, has come back to up after traveling through the English press. Some of our readers may have seen it before. As it originally appeared it was headed "Frank and Free: A British Columbia Journalist Con-fesses." These statistics are supposed to cover These statistics are supposed to cover one year of his eventful existence :

Been asked to drink	11 263
Drank	11 262
Requested to retract	416
Did retract	416
Invites from parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn's take the hins	3 300
Threatened to be whipped	
Been whipped	4
Whipped the other fellow	
Didn's come to time	
Been promised whisky, oigars, etc., if I went after	
them	6 610
Went after them	5,610
Been asked "What's the new- ?"	300 000
Told	23
Lied about it	
Didn's know	99 977
Been to theaters, dances, etc	
Been to church	2
Been asked to attend and give full reports of meet-	
ings unadvertised, and the bills announcing	
which had been printed elsewhere	
Attended	
Was weak enough to give such report	
Changed politics	
Expect to change still.	50
Gave to charity	82 50
Gave for terrier dog	
	#1 00
Cash on hand	Φ1 00

Her Birthday Last Sunday.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, celebrated her forty-sixth birthday on Palm Sunday, having been born on the 18th March, 1848, and christened on the 13th of the following May in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace. "This Royal christening," wrote Bishop Wilberforce in a private letter to Miss Noel, "was a beautiful sight in the highest sense of that word beauty." The Queen with the five Royal children around her, the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal hand in hand, all kneeling down quietly and meekly at every prayer, and the little Princess Helena alone just standing and looking round with the blue eyes of gazing innocence. This was the little princess a peep at whom Lady Lyttelton says always cheered her. The Queen at this christening wore a very short-sleeved gown, the Royal sash, and a long gold waist sash adorned with golden tassels, a diamond neck ace, and very long old-fashioned earrings .-Modern Society.

"Hello, Courtenay, glad to see you at the club again. Wife gone away, I suppose!" "No; she's just got back."



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A Vicom HOW GASTON DE BAN MENDICAN

The little Vicomte days made no small pridog." He particular which is not to be we ferred them complicais a mistake. In love an quickly.

He was forever dre guises, and mysteries. of reconstructing the have made Romeo sca telegraph-line repaires One day after a lunc so much champagne ha ston de Banville la six o'clock that evening four-he would retur

francs collected by sing Twenty minutes late and generally suspicemerged from the far the party had been di large house in an ad Gaston, who lacked not singer. An hour later, ing him with the best p "There you are," he the table a louis and a

I have won my bet, a for winning a very pret "In so short a time what is the trophy?—the
"No," said Gaston, "
I can say no more, the
of a lady of high degree
In vain did his friend

anything more from hi the hero of the afternoon as an oyster. Less disc When De Banville en 75, Rue Duphot, the Bar leaning out of a window ments of her pet fox te ear for music, for no so beggar open his mouth time, from force of hab ing glance at the fair Punch trotted up to h demonstration from the istter and planted his te

The baroness uttered foreseeing his inability t sum, and his consequen departing, furious, to when a trim little maid Here," she said, slip

portion of his anatomy.

hand : " here is something you. Is it enough?"
"Enough!" cried De B that was not all simulated all tore, to say nothing of

Well, you can come a with my mistress. It wo Miss Annette could ha tress had already been d suits for assaults of thi Punch, and had lost every

Half an hour later, Gas baroness, bearing away francs, a collection of depair of the baron's trowse which had suffered hear ounter with the dog, a credit on the druggist at pretended beggar had no silves, for Punch, for deaped too short and Gast

As he was going down way, the pretended inva Mile. Annette on her bi girl did not get angry, for so badly grimed that he looking young fellow.

"What do you mean, a you crazy?" Yes," replied Panch's v given me hydrophobia, a

But De Banville was remachiavellian scheme di peace of the baroness, w digiously. That very e anonymously a handsome day he appeared beneath wearing the baron's trow delicate attention. Mme peared again, and bestow and a smile, on which latte valuation. The following and another piece of mon this time, and with was becoming interesting.

'At about four o'clock (i Rue du Cirque and sing and nots. You will be repaid f
"Well, well," thought please her in these atrocion she say when she sees me is own apparel? W Creatures these blase won But why does she send Cirque? She will be ther cealed behind some friend we shall see."

Promptly at four Gaste pointed place, singing;

But he saw nothing unus at last with two sons given The following day the bi him to the Rue du Cirque was Faust that he must have seen the feeling with

But again nothing untoware instead of his lover-like impass an artist was satisfied. I him a collection of fourteen it was now time to tai That evening, in his offerifourth—the baroness found unsigned and in an unknown

A Vicomte's Vagary.

HOW GASTON DE BANVILLE MINGLED AMATEUR
MENDICANOY AND LOVE.
The little Vicomte de Banville in his younger

days made no small pretensions to being a "sad dog." He particularly enjoyed flirtations, which is not to be wondered at; but he preferred them complicated, which, to my mind, is a mistake. In love, as in cookery, the simplest is the best, and, moreover, does not pall ao quickly.

He was forever dreaming of intrigues, dis guises, and mysteries. If he had had the task of reconstructing the old legends, he would have made Romeo scale Juliet's balcony as a telegraph-line repairer.

One day after a luncheon-which would have been a dinner if the sun had not still been up, o much champagne had he consumed at it Gaston de Banville laid a wager that before six o'clock that evening—it was then nearly -he would return with at least three francs collected by singing in the streets.

Twenty minutes later, an unkempt, tattered and generally suspicious looking individual emerged from the famous restaurant where the party had been dining, and stopped at a large house in an adjacent street. It was Gaston, who lacked nothing of his role of street inger. An hour later, his companions beheld him re-enter the room where they were awaiting him with the best patience in the world.

"There you are," he announced, tossing on the table a louis and a voluminous package. I have won my bet, and stand a fair chance for winning a very pretty little woman."
"In so short a time!" they cried. "But

what is the trophy !—the husband's head ? " 'No," said Gaston, "only his trowsers. But I can say no more, the tale involves the honor

of a lady of high degree."

In vain did his friends endeavor to extract anything more from him. Tipsy as he was, the hero of the afternoon's adventure was dumb as an oyster. Less discreet than he, I shall re-

When De Banville entered the court of No. Rue Duphot, the Baronne de Pompinet was leaning out of a window, watching the movements of her pet fox terrier, which was play-ing in the court. Evidently the dog had no ear for music, for no sooner did the pretended beggar open his mouth to sing—at the same time, from force of habit, directing an admiring glance at the fair lady before him-than Punch trotted up to him, and, on a hostile demonstration from the singer, flew at the atter and planted his teeth in an undefended

portion of his anatomy.

The baroness uttered a shrick, and Gaston, foreseeing his inability to collect the stipulated sum, and his consequent loss of the bet, was departing, furious, to repair his wardrobe when a trim little maid came running after

Here," she said, slipping a franc into his hand; "here is something the baroness sends

Enough!" cried De Banville, with a disgust

that was not all simulated. "Why, my pants is all tore, to say nothing of my wounds!" "Well, you can come and settle the matter with my mistress. It would be better than going to the police."

Miss Annette could have added that her mistress had already been defendant in a dozen suits for assaults of this kind committed by Punch, and had lost every one of them.

Half an hour later, Gaston took leave of the baroness, bearing away, beside his twenty francs, a collection of delicious smiles, a worn pair of the baron's trowsers in place of his own. which had suffered heavy losses in the encounter with the dog, and even a letter of credit on the druggist at the corner. But the pretended beggar had no need of liniments and silves, for Punch, for once in his life, had

eaped too short and Gaston's hide was whole As he was going down the servants' stair way, the pretended invalid gallantly saluted Annette on her blooming cheek. The girl did not get angry, for the viscount was not so badly grimed that he was not still a goodlooking young fellow.

What do you mean, sir?" she cried; "are you crazy ?

Yes," replied Punch's victim; " your dog has given me hydrophobia, and that's the way I

But De Banville was revolving in his brain s machiavellian scheme directed against the peace of the baroness, who pleased him prodigiously. That very evening he sent her bounymously a handsome bouquet. The next day he appeared beneath her window again, wearing the baron's trowsers, a particularly lelicate attention. Mme. de Pompinet appeared again, and bestowed on him a franc and a smile, on which latter he set a very high valuation. The following day, another smile and another piece of money, but in an enveope this time, and with a note. The affair was becoming interesting. Scarcely had Gaston got out into the street, when he tore the note open.

"At about four o'clock (it rau), go to No. 82 Rue du Cirque and sing an air from The Hugue-

nots. You will be repaid for your trouble."
"Well, well," thought the viscount, "if I please her in these atrocious togs, what will she say when she sees me in all the splendor of my own apparel? What extraordinary creatures these blase women of acciety are! But why does she send me to the Rue du Cirque! She will be there, doubtless, con-cealed behind some friend's curtains. Well, we shall see."

Promptly at four Gaston was at the ap-pointed place, singing; "Piu bianca del velo"

But he saw nothing unusual and went away at last with two sous given him by a little girl. The following day the baroness again sent him to the Rue du Cirque; but this time it was Faust that he must sing. You should have seen the feeling with which De Banville

But again nothing untoward happened. Still, nstead of his lover-like impatience, his pride as an artist was satisfied. He bore away with

a collection of fourteen sous. It was now time to take a decisive step. That evening, in his offering of flowers-the fourth-the baroness found the following note, unsigned and in an unknown hand:

A Dangerous Relative.



Niece—Gracious! Aunty is making poetry again. Run after her Carl, quick, or there'll be an accident!—Fliegende Blatter.

"It is an admirable trait to love music, but the artists themselves deserve encouragement, Do you not think that the duo from Faust is worthy of being sung in some more private place than a court ?"

As she read these lines, the poor Baroness de Pompinet simost fainted.

"Great heavens!" she cried, "someone knows my secret. I am lost!"

She did not close her eyes that entire night, While the baroness was rumpling the lace of her pillow under her uneasy little blonde head, Gaston, in the smoking-room of his club, had just ended the recital of the events narrated, keeping to himself, of course, the names of streets and persons.

'And what are you going to do now?" he was asked; "for you surely do not intend to keep up your present role forever."

"What am I going to do? To-morrow the street singer will give way to the man of the world. You can imagine the stupefaction of the lady when I say to her: 'I still come to beg of you. But I am not a mercenary beggar, and I prefer the gift of your smiles.' Eh, boys, what a tableau that will make!"
"What new joke is Gaston telling you?"

asked the Marquis de Plessin, who entered the 'Oh, nothing much," said Gaston nonchal-

antly, "just a little adventure of mine. I was amusing them with the tricks of a woman." "Faith, in the matter of tricks, men need not try to rival women. Just listen to this: A charming friend of mine has a most undependable husband, you can never tell whether he is going to go out or to stay at home. Now can you guess what she has devised to keep me posted on the programme of the day? Why, she hires a poor beggar of a street-singer to come and sing before my house. We have a code agreed upon beforehand. Each opera has

a special significance. The Huguenots means 'I am waiting for you.' Faust is 'Not to day.' William Tell is 'I shall be in the Bois.' And so on. It is a great scheme.' recital could be heard four squares away. Gaston alone did not join in it.—Translated from the French of Leon de Tinseau.

Joy in Two Homes.

A Genuine Sensation in Grey County.

How Baby was Saved, and how a Young Indy

Regained Health after Boctors and Friends had Given up Hope—Grateful Parents speak for the Beaces of Other sefferers.

From the Collingwood Enterprise.

Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. George F. Kiddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip. Having resided in the locality since boyhood, Mr. Riddell is one of the best known citizens in the village and his word is respected as that of an honest, intelligent man. He was found engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl. The little girl is two years and four months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Beil, but her parents informed the reporter that they call her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons: When Lizzie was ten months old she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was quite blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighted only nine or ten pound when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suifer." Mr. Riddell about this time heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. As baby continued taking the pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and i unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy. Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous, worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing

in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor finally advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched. Then another doctor, who it was said had cured a girl similiarly afflicted, was tried, but three month's treatment produced no good results and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends sat up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were procured. After taking them a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills have a remarkable

from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Plak Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). They are never sold in bulk, or by the dezen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided.

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A Railway Manager Says:

"In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsions, I say No loo the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

How She Enjoyed Herself. Husband (holding his wife's cash-book in his hand—Look here, Pauline, mustard plasters, ten marks: three teeth extracted, twenty marks! Thus, altogether you have spent this month thirty marks for your own private enjoyment!—Der Ulk.

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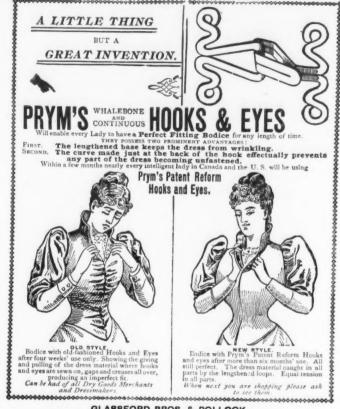
Dr. E. G. Davies. DeSmet, Dak., says: "I have used it in alow convales cence and prevention from malarial diseases, where the drinking water was bad; I believe it to be beneficial in preventing summer complaint; also one of the best agents we have to rectify the bad effects of the drinking water upon the kidneys and bowels."

The first British translation of the Bible was in the Irish tongue.



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Colonel (at the manœuvres, to young lieutenant who has lately joined the regiment)—
Lieutenant, what would you do with your division if you were attacked by the enemy's infantry on both sides—that is to say, on the right and left wing—with a body of cavalry rushing at you from the front and a brigade of artillery drawn up in your rear?

Lieutenant—I would command: "Battalion, halt!—ground arms—stand at ease—helmets off for prayers!"

The colonel nodded approvingly, and rode off in a meditative mood.—Leipziger Newste Nachrichten.

The public is becoming a little sceptical about waterproofed goods, whether for men or women. Claims have been made which were never substantiated. And at the best they had a waterproofed look about them which was too often embarrasing. It is the distinguishing merit of Priestly's Cravenettes that they are precisely like the same goods not waterproofed. They are absolutely rainproof and yet proous, though there is nothing to show the rain-repelling quality. Priestly's trade mark, "The Varnishad Board," will always be found in these goods.

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A man, reduced to desperation through his debts, flung himself into a river. A kind-hearted individual rescued him and said: "You

owe me your life."

The would be suicide, heaving a sigh, exclaimed: "Here's a nice how d'ye do—another debt!"—La Tribuna.

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NE of the greatest difficulties in the conducting of conservatories and colleges of music consists in drawing up satisfac-tory agreements between the directorate and "guarantee" teachers. A prominent Canadian conservatory in the

Maritime Provinces has applied for an injunction to restrain a certain Herr (for convenience's sake) Johannes Schmidt from teaching pri-vately in the city in which the aforesaid conservatory is located. The following copy of the text of the agreement under which Herr Schmidt entered the employ of the conserva tory is certainly a model of Teutonic and busi-ness-like simplicity which might well be preserved by the directors of our music schools for future reference :

"Herr Schmidt gives all private teaching up in belonging to our Conservatory. He will get for two half hours or one whole hour eighty cents. The concerts from the pupils and the Conservatory here go up into the Conserva-tory. He will lead the orchestra class in the Conservatory. We will give him all the pupils we can and will advertise fine for him. When the staff of the Conservatory goes round for concerts the money will be divided equally be-tween the staffs. This contract begins from the first of November, and goes from year to year.
When Herr Schmidt should leave our Conservatory he dare not stay teaching in ——. Holidays, one week at Christmas and Easter, two months in the summer. Herr Schmidt will be paid every month.'

I have received several communications con-cerning the important question of vocal culture from professional musicians in various parts of the province. The demand for space in this column for this week having already exceeded the modicum at my disposal, I am obliged to limit publication to Mr. Steele's letter, which is here appended. Correspondents will in future kindly remember that "brevity is the soul of wit," and govern themselves accordingly:

kindly remember that "brevity is the soul of wit," and govern themselves accordingly:

Dear Moderato,—I am glad that the subject of voice culture is awakening some attention, and I hope that those who desire a healthy development of vocal art in Canada will express themselves freely. If you can afford me sufficient space I would like to make myself a little clearer on two points.

First, with respect to the old Italian school of singing. There is no doubt that Scarlattl and Porpora (who flourished about the beginning of the eighteenth century), their pupils and successors for nearly one hundred years knew how to train the human voice up to the highest degree of technical skill. The achievements of these teachers and singers are undeniable, and all who have studied the subject admit that the old masters must have had a wonderfully clear perception of the means necessary to develop the resources of the volce. But it is also well known that they obtained their results solely by the accumulation of experience and their keen sense of what was beautiful and true to Nature. They knew nothing of physiology and very little about acoustics. Their methods cannot, therefore, be accurately described as scientific. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that any attempts at scientific investigation regarding the voice were made, and although numerous experiments were carried on for over a hundred years, no practical advantage was derived from them before the discovery of the laryngoscope by Manuel Garcia. The true physiology of the voice was shortly after elucldated by Madame Seiler, and the natural laws which recent discoveries have revealed, their methods would have been perfect, and having a sure foundation upon which to rest would not have deteriorated. But unfortunately the want of knowledge concerning fundamental principles permitted, in the course of time, errors of all sorts to creep in and eventually supplant the pure and skilful means which they employed.

and eventually supplant the pure and skilful means which they employed."

Seondly, in reference to the qualifications of singing teachers. The foundation of singing is the ability to produce a beautiful or musical sound with the voice throughout all the changes of pitch and the various modifications of tone known as vowels, and to articulate neatly and distinctly any consonant, either before or after any vowel. To accomplish all this with facility requires a perfect control of the breath, an accurate adjustment of the vocal organs and an appropriate attitude of the different parts of the mouth. The movements of the various muscles employed must be harmoniously combined and executed in a light, quick and elastic manner.

It is only thus that the fullest and richest tone can be developed with the voice, and to produce and sustain a tone of this timbre, while executing all the complex changes pertaining to clear enunciation, requires the utmost skill.

A person may be a most accomplished musician in other respects, but unless he has

utmost skill.

A person may be a most accomplished musician in other respects, but unless he has specially studied the nature of the voice, is thoroughly familiar with all the details of tone production and can illustrate correctly with his own voice all the delicate points involved, he is simply attempting to teach others that which is entirely outside of his own knowledge and experience. Yours truly,

Hamilton, March 12, 1894.

Hamilton, March 12, 1894.

The 'Varsity charity concert at the Pavilion regards the character of the programme presented and, considering numerous counter attractions and threatening weather, the liberal patronage extended the performance. The programme consisted of three of the Antigone choruses sung by the University Giee Club and accompanied by an orchestra under Mr. Tor-rington. These numbers were admirably performed and enthusiastically applauded. The orchestral selections included the well known overtures to William Tell and Oberon, and the introductory prelude to Antigone. The University Ladies' Glee Club, under Miss Norma Reynolds' direction, made their first public appearance on this occasion. Their singing was very creditable and promised well for the future. Solos were effectively sung by Miss Reynolds and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, and several excellent readings were contributed by Miss Knox and Prof. Shaw. The University Banjo and Guitar Club also took part, the programme as a whole proving most attractive

A successful song recital by pupils of Mr. H. W. Webster was given at the College of Music on Thursday night of last week. Besides the vocal numbers, which were all sung in a manner most creditable alike to pupils and master, piano solos were contributed by Miss Mary Mara and Miss McGibbon, pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, and a 'cello solo by Miss Fletcher, pupil of Herr Ruth. Mr. Webster chose an exacting programme for his pupils and has

reason to feel gratified at the artistic manner in which it was carried out. The following apils took part: Misses Rutherford, Hilliard, Paul, Cawsey and Kimberley, and Mesars. Ruby and Forsythe. The piano solos by Miss Mara and Miss McGibbon were most admir-ably performed and added much to the enjoyment of a very attractive programme. Miss Fletcher's 'cello solo was also successfully interpreted. A feature of the vocal work which was most commendable and worthy of imita-tion generally, was the distinct enunciation noticeable in the work of all of Mr. Webster's pupils during the evening.

A very enjoyable musical praise service was held in Erskine Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening of last week, under the direc tion of Mr. Arthur Hewitt, organist and choirmaster of the church. The programme included among other things a number of choruses by the excellent choir of the church, and solos and concerted numbers by Misses Mortimer, Edith Miller and Westman, and Messrs, Blight and Dennison, and an address on Praise by Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., B D. The soloists all acquitted themselves most creditably. I was particularly pleased with the really admirable work of Mr. Hewitt's body of choris:ers, who sang with precision, expression and confidence throughout. Another pleasing feature was the hearty and effective character of the congregational singing, in which the influence of the thorough work of the choir was at all times manifest.

Considerable interest is being felt in Signor Vegara's grand opera concert which will be given in the Grand Opera House on Wednes-day evening next. The second act from Weber's masterpiece, Der Freyschuetz and selections from Verdi's Il Trovatore, with a number of miscellaneous selections will constitute the programme. Those who are familiar with the exacting character of the work undertaken by Sig. Vegara will appreciate his courage in making the experiment with amateur talent. The rehearsals, however, are said to be progressing most satisfactorily, and it is predicted by those who have been privileged to attend during the preliminary work that the performance next week will be a success both for master and pupils. Among those who will take part in the production are: Miss Fiorence Mabel Glover, Signorina Rolleri, Miss Burrowes, Miss Rothwell, Miss Lazier, Mrs. Bastow, Messrs. Carnahan, Mercier, Preston, Tilley, Moore, Robson, Thompson, McPherson, a chorus of forty pupils and an enlarged orchestra. The concert will be given under the immediate patronage of the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Sir Casimir Gzowski.

A pianoforte recital of unusual excellence was given by the pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Har-rison in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week. The hall was crowded to the doors by an intelligent and delighted audience, whose enthusiastic reception of the efforts of Mr. Harrison's talented pupils was at once a tribute to their skill and ability and a testimony to the thorough and artistic training received at the hands of their master. The following pupils took part in the pianoforte numbers: Misses Grandidge, Moore and Butland. The programme included such standard works as Beethoven's Trio in G major, op. 1; Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 8; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 53; Bach's Fantasia Cromatica; Mendels-sohn's Trio, in D minor, and Liszt's Faust Valse. Mr. John Bayley, violin, and Sig. Gluseppe Dinelli assisted in the ensemble numbers. Vocal selections were sung with good effect by Misses Macdonald, Amy and Sheppard, pupils of Sig. and Mme. d'Auria. Taken as a whole the recital proved one of the most successful and artistic events given in connection with the work of the Conservatory this season.

De Koven's latest comic opera, The Algerian, was presented at the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week by a very effective company. The general consensus of opinion as to the merits of this most recent of Da Koven's operatic works is that it does not attain to the same artistic standard as is reached by the composer in his earlier productions Robin Hood and The Fencing Master. When judged from the standpoint of popular taste The Algerian also falls short of De Koven's earlier successes. It is nevertheless a pleasing work and as mounted and produced at the Grand last week created a very favorable impression.

Mr. H. M. Fietcher, who has for two season successfully conducted the vocal classes at the Y. M. C. A., was on Thursday evening of last week presented with a valuable gold-headed cane by his pupils as a mark of personal esteem and a testimony of apprecia unemployed was a gratifying success, both as lent work accomplished by him in their in-

> Among the Toronto visitors to Bayreuth during the coming summer will be Miss Field and Mr. H. M. Field, Mr. Walter H. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Shaw. Others are completing arrangements for attending the festival, including a number who have previously attended at these model performances.

> Winnipeg papers speak in high terms of praise of a recent performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony by the local orchestra, under the direction of their gifted conductor, Mr. Paul Henneberg.

> The London Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Roselle Pococke conductor, are anxious to appear in Toronto as practical evidence of the progress of orchestral music in the western part of the province. Their ambition is a laudable one but would hardly be likely to prove a profitable venture from a financial point of view this

> The Ladies' String Quartette, who played with so much acceptance at the Young Men's Liberal Club concert in the Pavilion last week bid fair to become one of our most successful local musical organizations. I was particularly pleased with their excellent ensemble, refined quality of tone and correct intonation, features so indispensable to artistic quartette work.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's fifth and last organ

recital for the season on Saturday last in the Sherbourne street Methodist church attracted an immense audience, quite justifying the title of "popular" as applied to this series of recitals. Mr. Blakeley's programme included a number of Irish airs and overtures specially arranged for the organ, the date of the recital, St. Patrick's Day, being an appropriate occasion for so typical a collection of musical reminiscences of the Green Isle.

Mr. W. H. Hewlett, the talented organist of Cariton street Methodist church, will give an organ recital in St. Thomas's Episcopal church, Huron street, on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Hewlett has selected an attractive programme of representative works embodying compositions of the leading schools of organ music classical and modern.

The Bell Organ & Piano Co., Ltd., have issued a circular in which they make the announcement that their office is now at 70 King street west, the branch ware-rooms at 107 Yonge street (until recently in connection with Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons) having been closed. This celebrated firm, one of the largest and leading establishments in the Domini carry an extensive stock of their excellent instruments at 70 King street west, near the Mail building. They also have planes of Sohmer, New York, and Emerson, Boston, for which high-class American manufacturers they are sole agents here.

The choir of Grace Episcopal church have prepared an elaborate musical service for Easter Sunday, including compositions by Arthur E. Fisher, Dr. Hopkins, Spinney Martin, and a kyrie by the choirmaster of the church, Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, On this occasion the choir of the church will appear for the first time in surplices and cassocks. During the last four months, since Mr. Rudge has had charge of the music of Grace church, the membership of the choir has increased from twenty five to sixty-three, necessitating an enlarge ment of the chancel and lengthening of choir

Madame Stuttaford's pupils gave a very suc-cessful concert in the Concert Hall of the Asylum on Wednesday evening of last week. The following pupils contributed to the enjoyment of the evening in an unusually attractive programme: Misses Gimbert, Clewes, Bragg and Quinton, and Mesers. Foy, Stuttaford, Quinton, Pritchard and Forsythe.

Mr. Malcolm W. Sparrow, late solo tenor of Sherbourne street Methodist church, sang Rossini's Cujus Animan in the Dunn avenue Methodist church on Sunday evening last. On Easter Sunday Mr. Sparrow will sing during the morning service in the same church Loud's The Angel's Message.

Miss Jardine-Thomson, solo soprano of St. James' cathedral, sang with great success at a concert recently given in the Cobourg Congregational church. Cobourg papers are unanimous as to the excellence of her singing on this occasion and the enthusiastic reception accorded her by the large audience present.

The musical journals of the Motherland have at periodical intervals, made sport of the characteristic advertisements which appear from time to time in Canadian musical and other journals, in which a certain class of "musi cians" are sought after for the purpose of strengthening local brass bands in different localities. These "ads." generally couple the musical qualifications of prospective candidates with their more mundane pursuits, such as barbers, tailors and others who can play a B flat cornet, E flat clarionet or some other instrument which the country band desires to have represented among its forces. An exchange draws attention to a card which appeared recently in no less a journal than the Daily Post of Birmingham, Eugland, which read as follows: "Pianist and vocalist wanted, who can clean windows and make himself useful." Another Old Country journal contains the card of a musical marvel, who advertises that he "teaches the piano, clarionet, oboe violoncello, double-bass, flute, fife, piccolo, vio lin, cornet, banjo, guitar, concertina, flageolet and" (of course) "singing." From all of which it would appear that it is not necessary to look to the colonies for absurdities in the field of musical announcements of this character. The London Musical News, in commenting on this matter, appears unnecessarily agitated at the possible influence of the irrepressible cheap teacher and sounds the startling alarm that If musicians do not hasten to band together to protect themselves against the operations of such charlatane, the time may come when window cleaning will be better than starving,

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't

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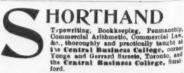
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Several articles by Mr. Stead, in 'the Review of the Riviews, shows how highly this method is apprecised by educationalists in Europa as the most medern and parted system of acquiring a foreign language.

The At Home of Institute last Satu delightful affair, b Gooderham Hall, M. were daintily serve lent programme was years back, were in artistic success. Mrs. Irwin of 26 B

March 24,

Social :

on Friday evening o Mrs. Kent of Dale

Mrs. Dalton of Isa on the day sacred to The Misses Yarker

Major Hay was a time on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bosw left on Tuesday ever to the Southern Stat goes for his health. radiant with spirits gan's on Saturday hostess), laughingly Southern air., but w change, after a busy s

A very interesting l up by four or five littl the Children's Aid Soc residence of Mrs. W. ley street. The entermusic and songs by the little drama represensons, composed for Douglas. Mr. J. J. K ing account of the we ciety.

Mr. Frank Deane wi the Arlington Hotel March 31. The recita grand salon at half-pa be assisted by Miss Alfred Sturrock, whos no comment. The affa success, and will be followests, which, I, believe age of the residents of

The marriage of Mr Miss Eleanore Langley

A few friends were evening by Mrs. J. J. crescent. Among the and Mrs. F. J. Snetsing De Gruchy, Mr. and Mr. Will Greig, Mrs. Greig Jackson of Seaforth, M Misses McMillan, Mis McCleary, and Messre Gregory, and McCleary,

Two large teas were week. On Friday the of ladies, and assisted by girls engineered a mos very grateful feature of delightful sweets made hostesses. "Marjory's gent request to be nibble who have a sweet tool good," according to an e

Mrs. Duggan's tea gentlemen, and therefo subtle taste than the otl said. People, seemed to ticular moment to thi was a perfect avalanche ost packed Mrs. Dugg shortly after five o'clock. gan received in the draw wearing a soft white black, and a bevy of here, there and everywh tain. Among the ladie ent were: Mrs. Kirkpa Northcote, Mr. and Mr and Miss Milligan, Colon Mr. D. and Mrs. Joe Mad and Mrs. Alfred Cameron strong, Mrs. Armour and Macdonald, Major Cosb Arthur Brown, Miss D Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Mach Boswell, Mrs. Wadswort Arkell, Misses Feathers ers, Mrs. Kerr Osborne others. Mrs. Duggan's p and sailor boys, in white n evidence, and are mark

little folks. On Thursday evening, N of Mr. A. G. Ross of the and Loan Association and elocutionist, daughter of l 368 St. James' square, w sidence of the bride's Smith of the Metropolite officiating minister. M beautiful bridal gown of She was unattended by bridesmaids, and the wedd was extremely quiet, as be and Mrs. Ross received th a large number of friends and subsequently drovedire 189 First avenue, where the April 12 and 13. A large r gifts were bestowed upor in extended circle of friend is deservedly popular.

Miss Lizzie Power of left for New York, Washin where she will remain till

Mesars. Hardy and MacC ing tea in Mr. Hardy's co-sity residence on Saturda bright little teas after th have become very fashion

The classes for physical c tic Club are chaperoned eac ent matrons from the comm

Social and Personal.

The At Home of the Jarvis street Collegiate The At Home of the Jarvis street Collegiate Institute last Saturday was a most social and delightful affair, being held in the William Gooderham Hall, McGill street. Refreshments were daintily served by Webb, and an excellent programme was contributed. The guests, both students of to-day and students of many years back, were in the best spirits and the whole occasion was a distinct social and artistic success.

Mrs. Irwin of 26 Bernard avenue entercained on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. Kent of Dale avenue had a small tea on

Mrs. Dalton of Isabella street also had a tea on the day sacred to Ireland's patron saint.

The Misses Yarker gave a tea one afternoon

Major Hay was able to sit up for a short

Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth of Madison avenue left on Tuesday evening for Chicago, en route to the Southern States, where Mr. Bosworth goes for his health. Mrs. Bosworth, who was radiant with spirits and beauty at Mrs. Dug gan's on Saturday (where she assisted the hostess), laughingly disclaimed the need of outhern air, but will no doubt enjoy the change, after a busy social season.

A very interesting little concert was gotten ur or five little girls for the benefit of the Children's Ald Society, and was held at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Douglas of 220 Wellesley street. The entertainment consisted of music and songs by the children, and a pretty little drama representing Time and the Sea sons, composed for the occasion by Mrs. Douglas. Mr. J. J. Kelso gave a most interest ing account of the work and object of the so

Mr. Frank Deane will give a piano recital in the Arlington Hotel on Saturday evening, March 31. The recital will take place in the grand saton at hair-past eight. Mr. Deane will be assisted by Miss Maude Beach and Mr. Alfred Sturrock, whose vocal excellence needs no comment. The affair promises to be a great success, and will be followed by a dance for the guests, which, I, believe, is under the patronage of the residents of the Arlington.

The marriage of Mr. Frank H. Whyte and Miss Eleanore Langley will take place in June.

A few friends were entertained on Tuesday evening by Mrs. J. T. Clark of Mackenzie crescent. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Snetsinger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles De Gruchy, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Will Greig, Mrs. Greig of Clinton, Mrs. J. S. Jackson of Seaforth, Miss Mamie Armour, the Misses McMillan, Miss Loe Campbell, Miss McCleary, and Messrs. Whitaker, Turnbull, Gregory, and McCleary.

Two large teas were given at the end of last Two large teas were given at the end of last week. On Friday the Misses MacMurchy opened their pretty parlors to a vast number of ladies, and assisted by a number of charming girls engineered a most successful affair. A very grateful feature of the occasions were the delightful sweets made by one of the young hostesses. "Marjory's creams" needed no urgent request to be nibbled by those of her guests who have a sweet tooth, and were "awfully good," according to an epicurean dame.

Mrs. Duggan's tea on Saturday included gentlemen, and therefore appealed to a more subtle taste than the other sweetmeats aforesaid. People, seemed to agree to come at a particular moment to this function, for there was a perfect avalanche of guests, which almost packed Mrs. Duggan's handsome salons shortly after five o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Duggan received in the drawing room, the hostes wearing a soft white gown touched with and a bevy of pretty matrons were here, there and everywhere assisting to enter Among the ladies and gentlemen pres ent were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Colonel and Miss Milligan, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. D. and Mrs. Joe Macdougall, Mrs. Moffatt and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Armour and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. J. Macdonald, Major Cosby, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Miss Dupont, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Machray, Mr. Minty, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs Arkell, Misses Featherstonbaugh and Stam-mers, Mrs. Kerr Osborne and any number of others. Mrs. Duggan's pretty little daughter and sailor boys, in white and gold, were much en evidence, and are markedly jolly and amiable

On Thursday evening, March 22, the marriage of Mr. A. G. Ross of the Dominion Building and Loan Association and Miss Lillie G. Easton. elocutionist, daughter of Mr. Robert Easton of St. James' square, was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. Smith of the Metropolitan church being the officiating minister. Miss Easton wore a beautiful bridal gown of pearl silk with lace. She was unattended by the usual bevy of bridesmaids, and the wedding, though elegant was extremely quiet, as befits the season. Mr and Mrs. Ross received the congratulations of a large number of friends after the ceremony and subsequently drove direct to their new home, 189 First avenue, where the bride will receive on April 12 and 13. A large number of beautiful gifts were bestowed upon Miss Eastwood by an extended circle of friends, among whom she is deservedly popular.

Miss Lizzie Power of Spadina avenue has left for New York, Washington and Virginia, where she will remain till June.

Messrs. Hardy and MacCullum gave a charming tea in Mr. Hardy's cosy rooms in University residence on Saturday afternoon. These bright little teas after the Saturday lecture have become very fashionable of late in resi-

The classes for physical culture at the Athle-tic Club are chaperoned each day by two differ-ent matrons from the committee, who take the

duty in turns. By the way, some very good swimmers are to be seen cleaving the placid waters of the mammoth tank on ladies' morn-

The many friends of Mr. Harry English were grieved to hear of his death on Monday, though the sad event has been for some time expected. Many expressions of sympathy found their way to his amiable wife and bright little ones

Mrs. Lounsborough of 49 Bloor street west gave a handsome luncheon on Thursday of last

Miss Carty of 263 Jarvis street gave luncheon on Monday and Tuesday last to a circle of ladies, and also a small tea on Thursday of last week, all three events being thoroughl

A performance of the Trial by Jury will be given on April 5 by a clever company of amateurs, in St. Andrew's Hail, in aid of St. Matthias' church.

Miss Lizzie Power gave a most delightful edro party on Friday evening to a number of friends. Among the guests were: Miss Small, Miss Eichhorn, Miss Cotton, Miss McManus, Miss Clark, Miss Foley, and Messrs. friends. T. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, Burns, Clarke, Milli-Thompson, McGuiro, Aytward, Ritchie and McCabe.

Mr. Martin Cleworth has been specially retained by Signor Vegara for his operatic performances of Der Freyschutz and Il Trovatore in the Grand Opera House next week.

The many young friends and schoolmates of Miss Stegmann of Carlton street will be pleased to learn that she has quite recovered from her recent illness, and hopes to resume school again

Mrs. Crowley of St. George street has been East for a short visit.

I am sorry to hear that Miss Posic Milligan daughter of Rev. G. M. Milligan, is very ill and her friends are very uneasy at time of

Mrs. Boddy is happily very much better this week. She is dreadfully missed in church

The theaters have been practically deserted by society folk this week, while some concerts and the inimitable Grossmith have alternated with church-going, by way of outside engage ments. At the Home Circle's concert on Tues day evening, Mr. Douglas Bird was the chief attraction. Association Hall was filled and the atmosphere was something appalling. What can be the reason of the closeness always observable in this much-used place? The concert was delightful, and a better pleased audi ence is not often seen. The closing days of last week brought out a good many theater parties, and as usual those who had dined out were late in taking their places. If one must go to the theater and feed one's friends on the same evening, why not let the meal take the form of a supper more or less sumptuous?

Miss Grace Stewart leaves for Banff to-day.

Mrs. and Miss Shields have issued cards for an At Home on Friday evening next, at their residence, 137 College street.

Cards are out for the third annual At Home of the Victoria Dramatic Club to be held in Dawes Hall on April 12. Theatricals at 8.15 and dancing afterwards are to constitute the entertainment.

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Art Notes

Mr. O. P. Staples' exhibition last week was a very interesting one; his realistic scrap of Canadian farm scenes are both sunny and telling. His larger picture of a girl feeding chickens, which he was disappointed in not finishing in time for the Royal Academy, Ottawa, has good capabilities, particularly his first suggestion for it. A quick sketch of some cows is very good to my mind. All his pictures are very characteristic of this country, with their barns, wheat fields, snake fences and

The Ontario Society of Arts hold their next annual exhibition on April 25, which promises to be one of the best they have given.

The Toronto Art Students' League are now settled in their new commodious studios at 73 Adelaide street east. One is much impressed with the artistic "climb," but is well rewarded upon reaching the large and cheerful atelier filled with industrious students. The lighting and general arrangements are perfect and the League has probably the best facilities for study from the living model of any school in Canada. The annual meeting was held on Tuesday, and most encouraging reports were received from the various officers, and the League looks forward to another successful year under the guidance of the following officers: President, Mr. R. Holmes; vice-president, Mrs. W. Alexander; treasurer, Miss J. M. F. Adams; recording secretary, Miss Ethel Palin; corresponding secretary, Miss S. E. Spurr.

Mr. Sherwood also held an exhibition last week, and I noticed a rather charming arrangement in pink, which is probably a new departure for him, and a not unsuccessful one. departure for him, and a not unsuccessful one.

I remarked a picture which is now in Ottawa
of an old couple. Particularly the reflected
light on the face of the old gentleman with
the paper was well treated. A pastel head was wanting in strength.

A great many of our artists are sending pic tures to the Royal Academy at Ottawa, and from there to the Association at Montreal. Mr. Manly is sending an exceptionally good one of the Champlain Market, Quebec, which I expect will be snapped up before Torontonians get a peep at it. Mr. Cruickshank I hear has a stunning one. The subject of Mr. Reid's is a secret even from his best friends, therefore we expect something very fine. Mr. J. W. L. Forster's portrait of Dr. Egerton Ryerson, first president of Victoria University, and Superintendent of Education for Ontario, is going and also a portrait of Dr. Nelles, late Chancel lor of Victoria University. I expect to be able to give a list next week of all the fortunate

Literary Item.

Si Jackson is not one of the most intelligent negroes in the State of Texas. Col. Yerger, by whom he is employed, was reading a book. The colonel caught Si peeping over his shoulder and finally asked him what he wanted.
"I wants ter ask yer a queshun."

"Well, what is it?"

"I has seed folks reading books and newspapers and de like, an' I jess wants ter know which is it yer reads—de white or de black."

Country Sports

Jake Hasseed-Say, Fatty, how much do you weigh?
Stout Storekeeper-What do you want to know for?
Jake Hasseed-We are guessing at the weight of that hog out there, and before I make my guess?'d like to get all the pointers?

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In Halifax Tweed, 28 to 32 in., \$2.75 to \$4.50. 3 piece Scotch Tweed, 28 to 32 in., \$3.90 to \$8. 3 piece Navy Serge, 28 to 32 in chest, \$2 95 to \$6 50.

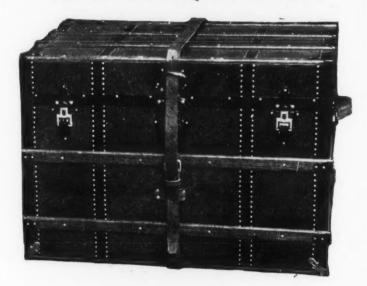
Boys' Highland Costumes (complete outfit), superior quality, \$14 to \$16. Youths' Single Breasted Suits, long pants, in Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges \$3.95 to \$9.75. Double Breasted Suits, \$3.90 to \$10.

Youths' Single Breasted Suits in Fine Black Worsted, hand made, equal to custom work, \$9.70 to \$14.

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After Easter

sion to think of new furnishings for the home.

And, until our formal Spring Opening of the newest importations, we shall be glad to have you trouble us any time for a preliminary inspection of some of the beautiful new Carpets and Lace Curtains which have been passed through the Customs for us the past week or two. If you see them now we may possibly be favored with your order when the buying time comes.

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Curtains Draperies Cretonnes Muslins Window Shades Cornice Poles &c., &c.

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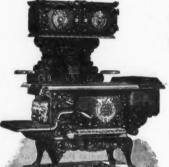
In ordering one of our instruments Mme. Patti but acknowledged the fact which the Canadian musical public had discovered long before-that the Mason & Risch Instruments (whether Pianos or Organs) possess that wonderful purity of tone which particularly fits them to accompany the human voice.

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. T. Wilson			-		-			166 Queen Street West

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Will no be ready for us until APRIL IST.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

package of COALPORT CHINA-Mocha Cups and Saucers, Sugars and Creams, Tea Caddies, Plates, &c.

package from MINTONS-Vases, Rose

4 packages of WHITE CHINA for decorating

JUNOR & IRVING

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb. Births.

HARKINS—March 12, the wife of John A. Harkins—a son.
COCKBURN—March 18, Mrs. Malcolm Cockburn—a son.
TUTHILL—March —, Mrs. C S. Tuthill—a son.
HARGREAVES—March 10, Mrs. W. A. Hargreaves—a son.
WILKINSON—March 16, Mrs. Wilkinson—a son (stillborn).
HEYDON—March 14, Mrs. James Heydon—a daughter.

Marriages. GAULD-BURCH-At Kingston, Jamsice, on March S, by Rev. Donald Davidson, Eva, only daughter of Mr. Edward Burch of Toronto, Canada, to F. Gauld of

Barffebire, Scotland.
BUR 3ESS—McTAV18H—March 9, Thomas Burgess, jr., to Isabel McTavisb.

RNGLISS—March 9, Harry English, aged 38
HENDRY—March 15, Albert B Hendry, aged 16.
LANGTON—March 19, John Langton, aged 85.
SKER-FF—March 19, Jane Michie Skee ff, aged 67.
DUNGAN—March 19, Chaffield Duncan, aged 77.
GARDE—March 17, Annie Dors Garde, aged 79.
PHIPPS—March 18, Bobert W Phipps, ared 69.
SEAGER—March 17, Maria Seager, aged 74.
BNIDER—March 19, Susan M. Snider.
SNIDER—March 19, Susan M. Snider.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste Room 28, Oddfellows' Building Cor. Young and College Streets.

COMPARED WITH THE FIGURES OF THE PRECEDING YEAR'S BUSINESS

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

Manufacturers' Life Insurance Comp'y SHOWS THE FOLLOWING:

New Business issued
(Increase over 1892)
Gross Cash income.
(Increase over 1892)
Assets Sist December, 1893
(Increase over 1892)
Surplus as Polloy budear Account.
(Increase over 1893) (Increase over 1897) 30,922
Showing a total Insurance in force at let January, 1904, of nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.
GEORGE GOODERHAM. JOHN F. ELLIS,
GEO. A. STERLING, Secretary. Barlow Cumberland TOURS

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